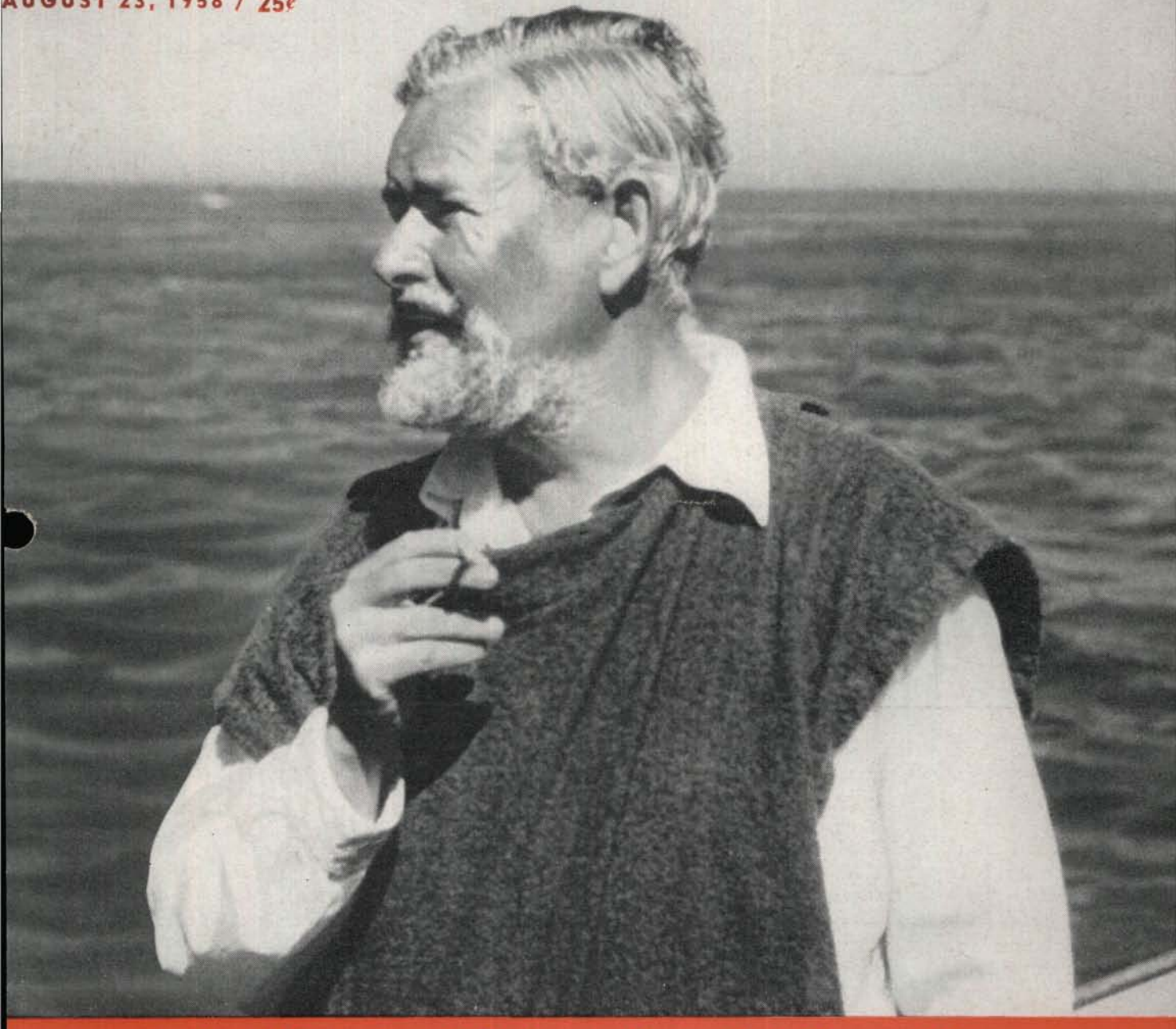
Saturday Review

AUGUST 23, 1958 / 25¢



T. H. White, author of "The Once and Future King." *(See page 14)*

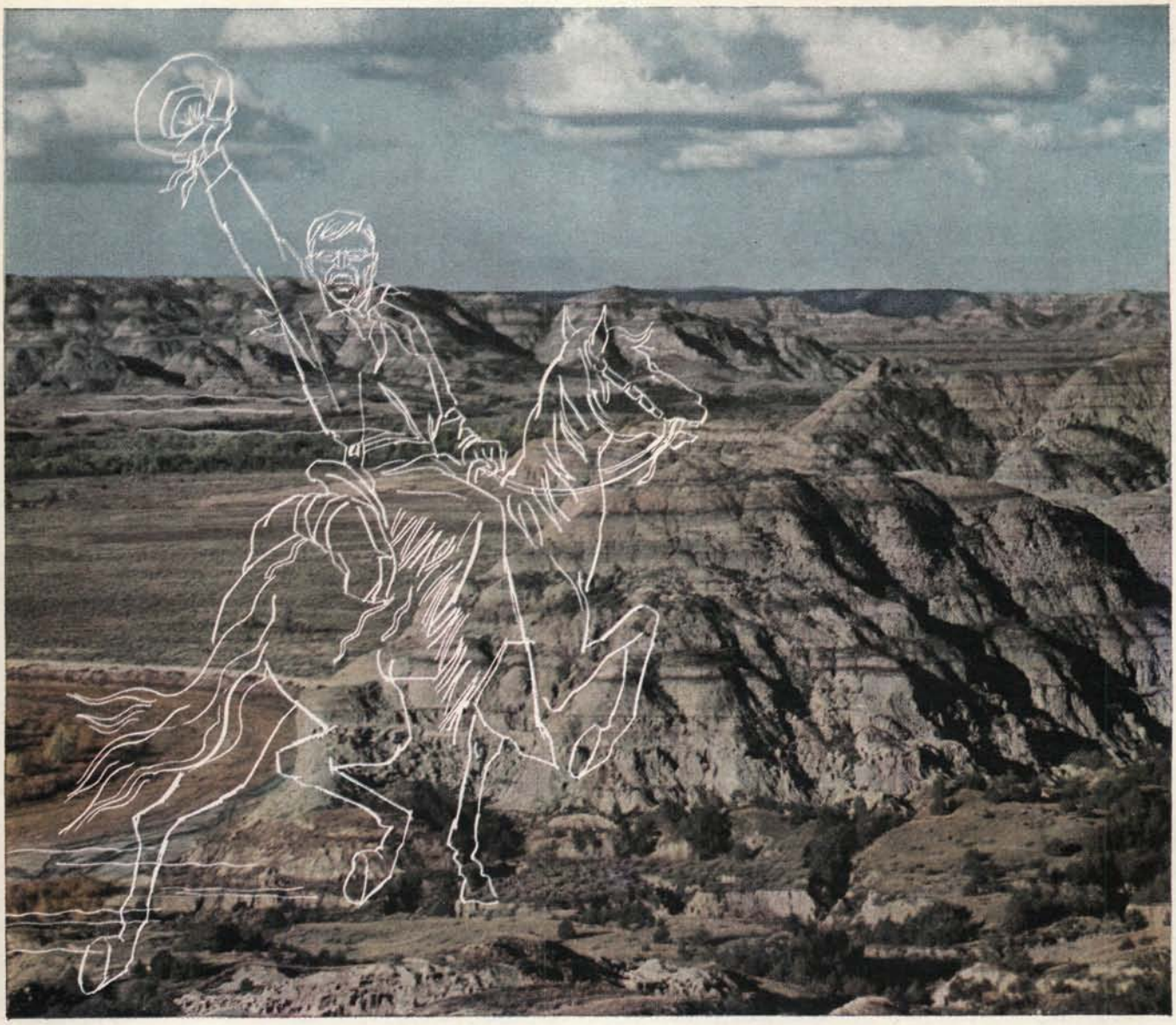
Who Owns the Past?

ERNEST HEMINGWAY v

By Jerome Beatty, Jr.

SR2549233 138-194
AVBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBR
363 GROVE ST
PASADENA CALIF

PRODUCED 2009 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



See Theodore Roosevelt National Memorial Park, in North Dakota's beautiful Badlands.

T.R.—the cowboy who rode herd on our natural glories

Most Americans think of Teddy Roosevelt as part bull moose and part steam-engine. But mostly, T.R. was the Fourth of July r'ared back and walking on its hind legs. *He was a man on fire for his country,* and it was the natural glories of this land that lit the fuse.

They've made a wonderful park of his Elkhorn Ranch and the Badlands where he worked as a cowboy and found health and strength. Here, you can see the open range that made him first appreciate his country's greatness. You can ride the trails that gave his imagination new directions. You can climb the ridges that lifted his eyes, and gave him the power to lead his Rough Riders up San Juan Hill in '98.

This is the centennial of T.R.'s birth; if he were around today, he'd be "dee-lighted" that the conservation policies he fostered have been so wisely continued. He knew America would always need breathing space, open waters and green, growing forest – *the heart lifting glories of Nature that men must have to grow strong and great.*

★ ★ ★

FREE TOUR INFORMATION If you would like to visit Theodore Roosevelt National Memorial Park, or drive anywhere in the U.S.A., let us help plan your trip. Write: Tour Bureau, Sinclair Oil Corporation, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.– also ask for our colorful National Parks map.

ANOTHER IN SINCLAIR'S AMERICAN CONSERVATION SERIES

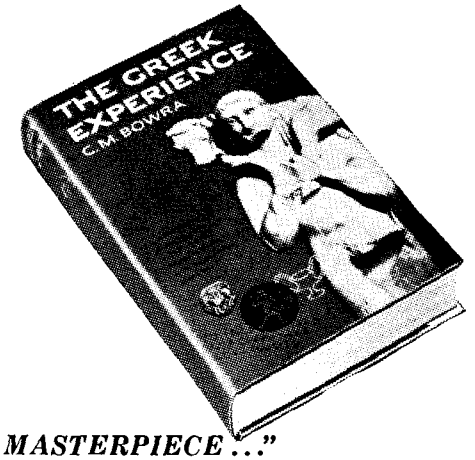
SINCLAIR SALUTES THE THEODORE ROOSEVELT CENTENNIAL COMMISSION

for its far-reaching educational campaign during 1958 to perpetuate the ideals of *responsible citizenship* as exemplified by the vigorous, many-sided life of our 26th President, Theodore Roosevelt. By giving new impetus to public interest in conservation of our natural resources, always of vital concern to T.R., the Commission reminds all Americans of the importance of *refreshing the human spirit* by visiting and appreciating the great outdoors.

SINCLAIR
A Great Name in Oil

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Exclusive* *with the* Marboro Book Club



You can have any 3 of the books shown for only $3.75 with membership

CHOOSE from THE GREEK EXPERIENCE—THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN—OF LOVE AND LUST—THE LIVING PAST—and eight other important books as your introduction to membership in the MARBORO BOOK CLUB.

Rarely has any book in recent years been called "a masterpiece" and "masterful" by as many critics as have used those words to describe THE GREEK EXPERIENCE—an almost incredibly brilliant summing up of the whole achievement of Greek civilization from the time of Homer to the Fall of Athens.

"A MASTERPIECE", said the London *Spectator*, "an astonishing work of innumerable delights. Each page bristles with bold and original conclusions. We have seldom seen such enormous material so skillfully and excitingly marshalled. Such is the richness of these pages that one has the impression of having read, and painlessly assimilated, many volumes. One also has the compelling impression of having finished a masterpiece."

"A MASTERPIECE in which everything is touched with simplicity and boldness in a style as clear as the Greek light."—*The New Statesman.* "Acute and masterly."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* "Masterful, extraordinary."—*Publishers' Weekly.* "A masterful presentation."—*N. Y. Times.*

Anyone who has read this superbly illustrated book will tell you it is worth every penny of its $6.00 bookstore price. To demonstrate the values that discerning readers can expect from the MARBORO BOOK CLUB, we offer you any 3 books on this page (including THE GREEK EXPERIENCE, if you wish) for a fraction of what you would ordinarily pay for THE GREEK EXPERIENCE alone.

THE MARBORO BOOK CLUB pools your buying power with that of others who share *your* tastes, and saves you an average of 50% on the self-same books you would otherwise purchase at full price. With each four selections (or alternates) accepted at Special Members' Prices, you receive a superlative bonus volume of your choice at no additional charge.

Reach for a pencil right now and check off any three of the books shown. They're yours for only $3.75 with an introductory membership in the MARBORO BOOK CLUB. That's a saving of as much as $21.25 on regular bookstore prices. Mail the application form today, while this exclusive offer lasts.

✱"A MASTERPIECE..."

By exclusive arrangement with Sir Maurice Bowra's publishers in London and New York, THE GREEK EXPERIENCE has been named a Selection of the Marboro Book Club. "The best book of its kind."—*Saturday Review.*

Choose any 3 of these books for $3.75 with Introductory Membership in the MARBORO BOOK CLUB! Mail your application today.

☐ **THE GREEK EXPERIENCE.** By Sir Maurice Bowra. An almost incredibly brilliant summing-up of the whole achievement of Greek civilization from the time of Homer to the Fall of Athens, with 64 full pages of rare photographs. The London Spectator calls it "A masterpiece"—and it is. *List Price $6.00*

☐ **THE CENTURY OF THE SURGEON.** By Jürgen Thorwald. The march of surgery from the butchery of the pre-anaesthetic era to the delicate heart operations of today. "Spell-binding"—**N. Y. Times** *List Price $5.95*

☐ **BEING AND NOTHINGNESS.** By Jean-Paul Sartre. Sartre's Philosophy of Being, including his views on social relations, his doctrine of freedom, and existential psychoanalysis. 635 pages. *List Price $10.00*

☐ **THE LIVELIEST ART.** By Arthur Knight. A panoramic history of the Motion Picture as an art form—from Melies and Griffith and Eisenstein to Rasho-mon, Rossellini, and Mike Todd — by the distinguished film critic of the **Saturday Review.** With photographs. *List Price $7.50*

☐ **OF LOVE AND LUST.** By Theodor Reik. Freud's most famous pupil analyzes the hidden nature of masculinity and femininity, normal and perverse, in romantic love, in marriage, parenthood, bachelorhood, and spinsterhood. *List Price $7.50*

☐ **MADISON AVENUE, U. S. A.** By Martin Mayer. One of the great best-sellers of the year — and no wonder! Never before has any book revealed so fully and frankly the inner workings of the advertising business. *List Price $4.95*

☐ **THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN.** By Romain Gary. The prize-winning novel of adventure and intrigue in Africa that the **N. Y. Times** calls "the most intellectually stimulating novel of 1958." 300,000 copies sold in France alone — and now a best-seller in America. *List Price $4.50*

☐ **THE LIVING PAST.** By Ivar Lissner. Brings triumphantly to life the great discoveries of archaeology, anthropology, and comparative religion. 508 pages, including 64 pp. of fabulous photographs — sculpture, idols, architecture, costumes, & other treasures of antiquity. *List Price $5.95*

☐ **THE BEAT GENERATION & THE ANGRY YOUNG MEN.** Kerouac, Ginsberg, Rexroth, Solomon, Osborne, Hinde, and 16 others, in the works that have made them famous (and notorious). Ed. by Feldman & Gartenberg. *List Price $4.50*

☐ **MASS CULTURE.** Ed. by Rosenberg & White. Monumental, wickedly revealing portrait of the "Lonely Crowd" at play. David Riesman, Edmund Wilson, Dwight MacDonald, and other distinguished scholars descend upon the "popular" arts with diabolical zest. *List Price $6.50*

☐ **KLEE.** By Gualtieri di San Lazzaro. Paul Klee's greatest "one-man show"—a triumphant summary of the life and work of this Einstein among painters, with 360 reproductions of his most famous and enigmatic works, including 80 full color plates. *List Price $5.75*

☐ **THE MANDARINS.** By Simone de Beauvoir. The brilliant much-discussed novel, winner of the Prix Goncourt. Translated by M. Friedman. 610 pages. *List Price $6.00*

MARBORO BOOK CLUB
131 Varick Street, New York 13, N. Y.

You may enroll me as a new member of the Marboro Book Club. Please send me the THREE books checked at the left at only $3.75 plus shipping for all three. Forthcoming selections and alternates will be described to me in a Monthly Advance Bulletin and I may decline any book simply by returning the printed form always provided. I agree to buy as few as four additional books (or alternates) at the reduced Members' Price during the next twelve months; and I may resign at any time thereafter. I will receive a free BONUS BOOK for every four additional books I accept.

SEND NO MONEY NOW!

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

(Memberships available only in continental U.S. and Canada. Prices slightly higher in Canada.) MS-249

GUARANTEE: If you are not completely satisfied with this SPECIAL OFFER, you may return the books within 7 days and your membership will be cancelled.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

August 23, 1958

SR/IDEAS

9 Ernest Hemingway *vs. Esquire*, by Jerome Beatty, Jr.

12 The Easiest Way to Die, by John Steinbeck

22 The Perils of Absolute Sovereignty: An Editorial, by the Earl Attlee

SR/BOOKS

13 Literary Horizons

14 The Once and Future King, by T. H. White
Reviewed by Anne Fremantle

16 Balthazar, By Lawrence Durrell
Reviewed by Paul Bowles

16 The Palace Guard, by Donald Braider
Reviewed by Hallie Burnett

17 War and Peace in the Space Age, by Lt. General James M. Gavin
Reviewed by Gordon Harrison

18 Sputniks into Space, by M. Vassiliev
Reviewed by S. F. Singer

19 Soviet Strategy in the Nuclear Age, by Raymond L. Garthoff
Reviewed by Philip E. Mosely

20 The Russian Revolution, by Alan Moorehead
Reviewed by Isaac Deutscher

21 Eisenhower: Captive Hero, by Marquis Childs
Reviewed by Sidney Hyman

29 The Musical Life, by Irving Kolodin
Reviewed by Neville Cardus

30 High Fidelity and the Music Lover, by Edward T. Canby
Reviewed by R. D. Darrell

32 Our Friend James Joyce, by Mary and Padraic Colum
Reviewed by Maxwell Geismar

33 And the Bridge is Love, by Alma Mahler Werfel
Reviewed by Virgilia Peterson

SR/DEPARTMENTS

5 Trade Winds

24 Letters to the Editor

25 *SR* Goes to the Movies

26 TV and Radio

27 Music to My Ears

28 Broadway Postscript

34 Literary I. Q.

35 Books for Young People

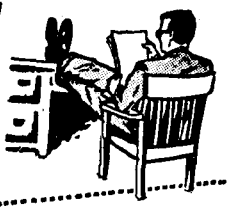
37 Literary Crypt

39 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1274

The SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 38, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulation. Vol. XLI, No. 34. August 23, 1958. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1938, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers Guide to Periodical Literature."
© 1958 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America.

(Advertisement)

Editor-at-Large



The Thorndike-Barnhart Dictionary gives eight different meanings for "genius." The first is "very great natural power of mind"; the second, "person having such power"; and third is "person who powerfully influences another."

Genius, despite the claims of the blurb-writers, is a rare quality. But one genuine American genius was Eugene O'Neill, that moody, turbulent, brilliant playwright, and the person who probably knew O'Neill best was Agnes Boulton, his wife during his ten most creative years.

Miss Boulton, a writer herself, has now written a book, entitled "Part of a Long Story," in which she tells about the early years of her marriage.

Set in Greenwich Village, Provincetown and New Jersey in the period following the end of World War I, the book is not only a nostalgic recapturing of the intellectual ferment of those days, but it is also a vividly personal picture of a tormented man and the members of his family.

Those who saw O'Neill's autobiographical play, "A Long Day's Journey Into Night," will be particularly interested in Miss Boulton's account. But anyone who wants to know more about the author of "Strange Interlude," "Desire Under the Elms" and "Anna Christie" will find many of his questions answered here.

And, to paraphrase a cliché about New York City, this volume shows that genius may be fine to visit, but it is not always easy to live with one.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Part of a Long Story" ($4.50), by Agnes Boulton, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 3301 West Central Avenue, Toledo 6, Ohio.

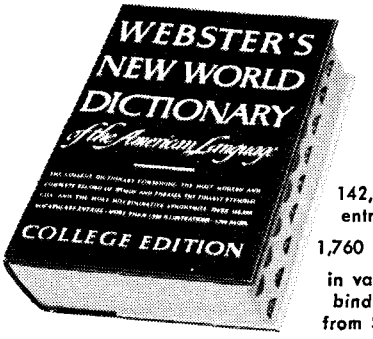
The man who reads dictionaries

H. A. OVERSTREET, author of *The Mature Mind* and co-author of the forthcoming *What We Must Know About Communism*, says:

"WHAT I most prize in *Webster's New World Dictionary* is its quick usability. 'All entries in a single alphabetical listing.' I've hopscotched about in dictionaries of the older sort trying to find out where foreign phrases were kept, or the big names of history or literature. A single listing is, to my mind, prerequisite Number One of a good dictionary. Next, definitions cut to the bone and put into plain English. Because I get both these in *Webster's New World Dictionary*, I keep it on a near-by shelf, and I reach for it knowing that I'll probably find what I'm looking for."

The word Webster *alone* is no guarantee of excellence. Don't be misled! Make sure you get "the experts' dictionary" — ask for a WORLD Webster.

WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY



142,000 entries
1,760 pages
in various bindings, from $5.75

THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

THIS AGE OF SPECIALIZATION is never more accurately portrayed than in the index files of the New York Public Library.

Time was when we'd be happy to learn how to build a musical instrument, an outdoor garden; to learn how to be a business man, dial a telephone, or to grow flowers. We would be satisfied to find out how to fish, or to learn a little about economics. But in the "How to" file of the library, these items are successively dealt with in the following books:

How to Build a Baroque Concert Harpsichord
How to Build Patios, Terraces, Barbecues, Walks, Fences, and Gates
How to Become a Successful Manufacturer's Representative
How to Instal and Service Intercommunications Systems
How to Grow Fuchsias
How to Make a Cactus Flower
How to Take Trout on Wet Flies and Nymphs
How to Read and Understand Business and Financial News

The final stroke in the Specialization Age leaves no room for variation:

How to Write 240 Words per Minute in Pitman Shorthand.

THERE IS SOME HOPE, however. The New York librarians, intent on helping the confused specialists who wander through the "How to" file, insert a prominent card higher than all the rest: HOW TO USE THIS CATALOGUE.

But a deeper and more penetrating search of the files will fortunately take us back to solid basics and away from the narrow world of specialization. It's a card which reads: HOW TO USE THE LIBRARY.

EVER SINCE DE QUINCEY, the urge for confession has surged through man's inner nature. There are specialists in this, too. Among the catalog cards you can find:

Confessions of a China Hand
Confessions of a European Intellectual
Confessions of a Grand Hotel
Confessions of a Scoundrel
Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit
Confessions of an Uncommon Attorney
Confessions of a Thug
Confessions of the Old Wizard

All that's needed now is a book "Confessions of a Confessor."

LIBRARY CATALOGUE FILES have an odd fascination. They are a testimonial to patience, creativity, and frustration.

The librarian faithfully records the work of the creative writer who becomes buried under the avalanche of the constant piling up of new works. The frequency of the thumbmarks testify mutely to the law of the survival of the fittest.

FILTERING IN FROM Exurbia is the story of a couple who faced a moment of confusion.

"The Johnsons called, darling," said the wife, "and asked us over for a drink. I told them we were too tired and couldn't make it."

"Anybody else call?" the husband asked.

"Yes—the Carters. I told them the same thing."

"My lord," said the husband. "What if they get together?"

AND FROM THE SAME area come words of an alarming sequence.

A housewife in a supermarket was overheard to wail:

"They went from Episcopalians to Unitarians—and from Republicans to Democrats—all in one *week!*"

UP IN PLYMOUTH, Massachusetts, where the Rock still stands, a touch of unforeseen realism came through in the outdoor drama put on there by Shirley Goodstone each night during the summer.

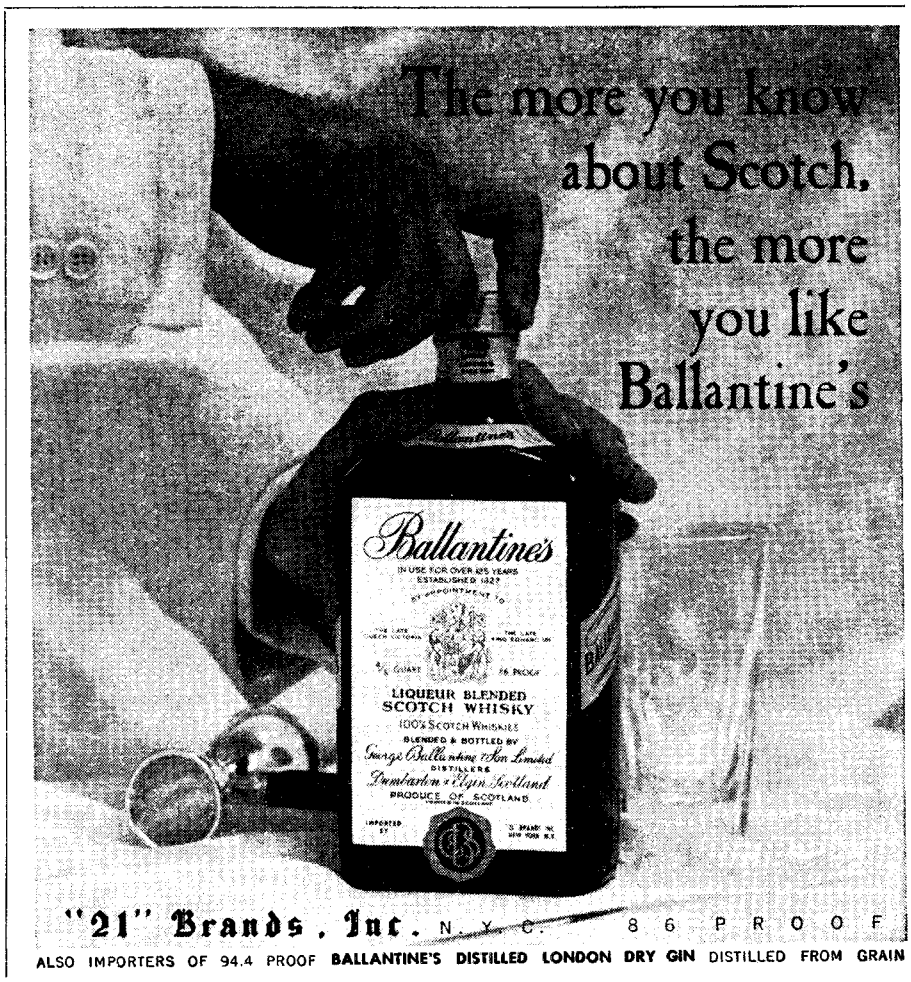
A direct descendant of Squanto, the official interpreter for the Pilgrims, was faithfully playing his role, telling his fictional squaw about the first Pilgrim baby born in this country.

"It's a boy! It's a boy!" his lines required him to say.

As he was saying this on stage, his own wife was helped from the audience, and rushed to the hospital to bear a new son—named, of course, Squanto.

THE PERFECT OPENING for the perfect best-seller is still not arrived at, according to Helen Grace Carlisle and Charles Degen.

Degen would like to add to the


The more you know about Scotch, the more you like Ballantine's
Ballantine's
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
"21" Brands, Inc. N. Y. C.
86 PROOF
ALSO IMPORTERS OF 94.4 PROOF BALLANTINE'S DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN DISTILLED FROM GRAIN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

USERS EMPLOYEES INVESTORS

The Three-way Benefits of Good Telephone Earnings

They benefit the telephone customer by providing the means to expand and improve the service and do it economically.

They benefit employees because they help to provide good jobs.

They benefit the investor by protecting his savings and insuring a good and secure return on his investment.

There is, indeed, no basis for the belief that keeping telephone earnings low is a sure road to keeping rates low.

Such a philosophy, by limiting progress and long-pull economies, will lead almost always to the opposite result . . . poorer service at a higher price than the customer would otherwise have to pay.

In all lines of business, it's the companies whose earnings are good that are able to make the best products, provide the best service, and give the best values.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

required ingredients of religion, royalty, and sex a fourth ingredient: mystery. His opening sentence would read:

"Holy Moses," cried the Princess, "I'm about to have a baby."

Then she smiles at the Prince ai says: "I'm glad we know whodunit!"

But Miss Carlisle feels that we need to add the proletariat to the ingredients. Her best-seller opening:

"My God," cried the Duchess to the plumber, "take your hand off my knee!"

But she adds: "Perhaps more appropriate today, it should read, 'My God,' cried the Duchess to the declined American male, 'take your hand off your knee and put it on mine!"

IT IS REPORTED that the receiver of a corporation about to go into bankruptcy glared across the directors' table at the out-going President and said:

"This is no concern of yours!"

► That a Czechoslovakian bath-house attendant, frantically trying to keep the men moving to their side and the women to theirs, yelled: "Separate Czechs, please."

► That another industrialist was complaining about court decisior

constantly hemming in business: "Corporations are losing their strength today—gradually, by decrees!"

► That a messenger dog who became ill on a mission was referred to as a Rabid Transit system.

► That a shepherd was asked why he kept giving aspirin to his sheep. "Just a question of bas relief," he said.

► That an East Indian philosopher is reported to have said: "Hindu sight is easier than foresight."

► That they've finally discovered how those old Magic Carpets from Arabia Nights worked: Turban engines.

► That an intern, reporting for duty at the hospital, said: "Take me to your Resident."

► That a shoe manufacturer has fi-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nally developed a new name for his product: Arch Enemy Shoes.

► That a dog, who decided to cooperate with the psychologist, said: 'm falling in, Pavlov, with you."

► That a woman who chattered aim-

lessly all the time was called: Origin of the Specious.

BUT R. S. PETERSON, of New Trier Township High School, Illinois, will have none of the simplicity of single puns. He would not be content with them.

In fact, he took those simple words "would not," and started working on them. First thing he knew, he came up with:

would not
wood knot

Going further, he plunged into:

know you would not
no yew wood knot

And inevitably, he says, the Scotsman would have to get into the act:

I know you would not
Aye, no yew wood knot

He concludes: "Duple puns, I can get them for you wholesale. What I want for my collection is more triple-tonguing tipple-punning."

TELEVISION IS A good way to check on just about where you stand in the age brackets.

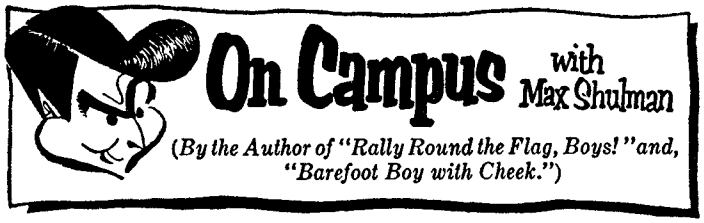
A five-year-old, looking scornfully at her eleven-year-old sister recently, said:

"She's a fine one to talk! When she was born, there wasn't even television!" —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1273)

C. C. VYVYAN:
TEMPLES AND FLOWERS

Sometimes a little boat loaded with a haycock would pull in, and suddenly the hay would begin to move and four legs would step out neatly from the boat, and the donkey and its load would have landed, as casually as any passenger, without any word of command.



FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE

The first thought that comes into our minds upon entering college is, of course, marriage. But how many of us go about seeking mates, as I like to call them, in a truly scientific manner? Not many, you may be sure.

So let us today make a scientific survey of the two principal causes of marriage—personality need and propinquity.

Personality need means that we choose mates because they possess certain qualities that complete and fulfill our own personalities. Take, for example, the case of Alanson Duck.

As a freshman Alanson made a fine scholastic record, played varsity scrabble, and was president of his class. One would think that Alanson was a totally fulfilled man. But he was not. There was something lacking in his life, something vague and indefinable that was needed to make his personality complete.

Then one day Alanson discovered what it was. As he was walking out of his class in Flemish pottery, a fetching coed named Grace Ek offered him a handsome red and white pack and said, "Marlboro?"

"Yes!" he cried, for all at once he knew what he had been needing to round out his personality—the hearty fulfillment of Marlboro Cigarettes, the soul-repairing mildness of their fine tobacco, *the easy draw of their unparalleled filter*, the ease and convenience of their crush-proof flip-top box. "Yes, I will take a Marlboro!" cried Alanson. "And I will also take you to wife if you will have me!"

"La!" she exclaimed, throwing her apron over her face. But after a while she removed it and they were married. Today they live happily in Baffin Land where Alanson is with an otter-glazing firm and Grace is a bookie.

Propinquity, the second principal cause of marriage, simply means closeness. Put a boy and a girl close together for a sustained period of time and their proximity will certainly ripen into love and their love into marriage. A perfect example is the case of Fafnir Sigafoos.

While a freshman at Louisiana State University, Fafnir was required to crawl through the Big Inch pipeline as part of his fraternity initiation. He entered the pipe at Baton Rouge and, alone and joyless, he proceeded to crawl north.

As he passed Lafayette, Indiana, he was agreeably surprised to be joined by a comely girl named Mary Alice Isinglass, a Purdue freshman, who, oddly, enough, had to crawl through the Big Inch as part of her sorority initiation.

Chatting amiably as they crawled through Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York State, Fafnir and Mary Alice discovered they had much in common—like a mutual affection for licorice, bobsledding, and the nonsense verse of Arnold Toynbee. When they reached the Vermont border they were going steady, and when they emerged from the pipe at Boothbay Harbor, Maine, they were engaged.

When they reached the Vermont border they were going steady

After a good hot bath they were married and today they live in Klamath Falls, Oregon, where Fafnir is in the weights and measures department and Mary Alice is in the roofing game. They have three children, all named Norman.

© 1958, Max Shulman

* * *

Propinquity is sure to mean love when you put yourself close to a pack of Marlboros, made for your pleasure by the sponsors of this column.

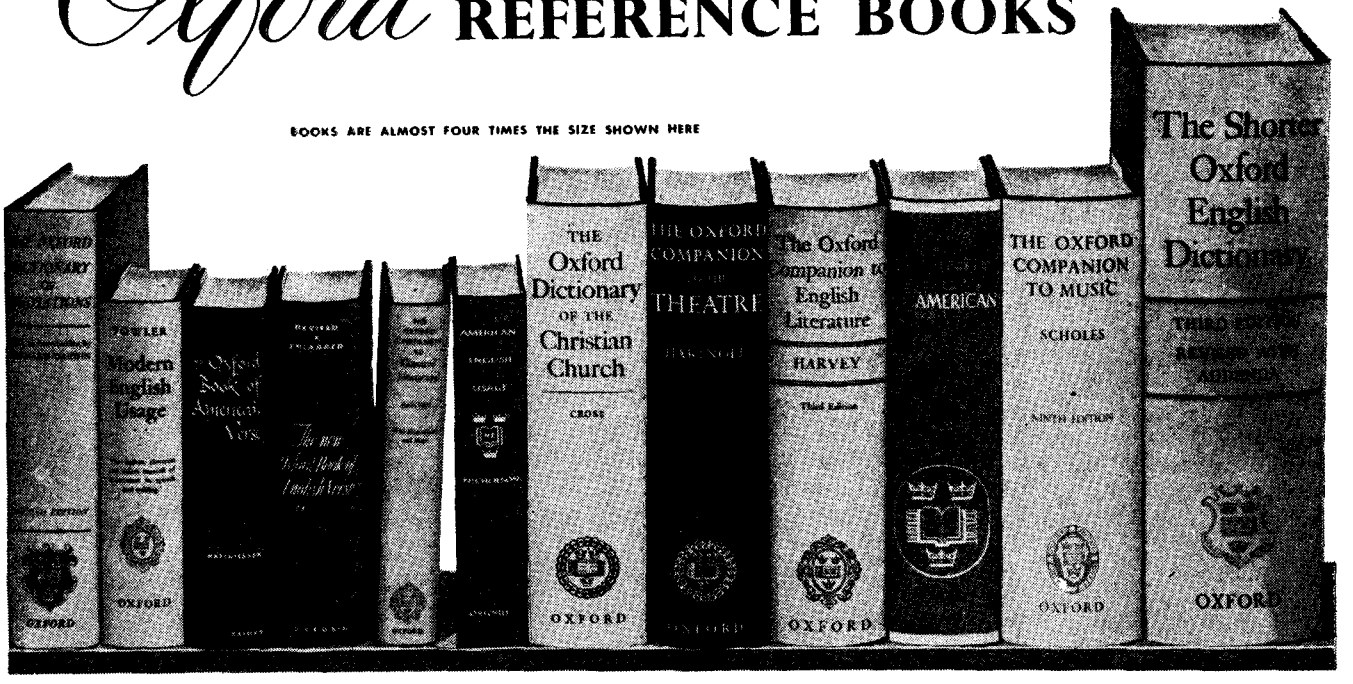
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Take your choice

Oxford REFERENCE BOOKS

OF THESE INDISPENSABLE

BOOKS ARE ALMOST FOUR TIMES THE SIZE SHOWN HERE



A unique offer to *Saturday Review* readers

"OXFORD . . . publishes the best reference books in the English language," says Charles Poore in *Harper's*. Undoubtedly you have always wanted to own several, or all, of the books described on this page. Now, for a limited time, you have the privilege of examining your choice of these titles in your own home, with the understanding that you may pay for them on a budget plan. (Details are explained in the coupon below.)

This is your golden opportunity to build an Oxford reference library that is the dream of every educated person . . . on terms that permit easy monthly payments.

Published and periodically revised by Oxford University Press, honored by scholars and treasured by their owners, these modern reference works form a bond of kinship between men and women of culture throughout the world. Which of them belongs in your library *now?* You can make the choice without moving from your chair; use the coupon below to order as many volumes as you wish. *You need send no money.* Simply indicate the titles you wish, clip the coupon, and mail it.

SPECIAL OXFORD PURCHASE PLAN

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, INC.
16-00 Pollitt Drive, Fair Lawn, N. J.

Please send me the Oxford Reference Books I have checked. If my order totals more than $11.00 I am to receive an itemized invoice. This may be paid in full or *at the rate of $5.00 a month* until the last remaining balance is paid.

Orders totaling less than $11.00 will be accompanied by a bill payable in full at the end of 30 days.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

☐ Send descriptive folder:
R-8 "A Selection of Oxford Reference Books."

- ☐ COMPANION TO *THE THEATRE*.....$11.50
- ☐ FOWLER: MODERN ENGLISH USAGE $3.75
- ☐ NICHOLSON: AMERICAN-ENGLISH USAGE $5.00
- ☐ COMPANION TO ENGLISH LITERATURE $10.00
- ☐ COMPANION TO AMERICAN LITERATURE $10.00
- ☐ COMPANION TO CLASSICAL *LITERATURE* $3.75
- ☐ COMPANION TO MUSIC $21.50
- ☐ OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE $6.00
- ☐ OXFORD BOOK OF AMERICAN VERSE.... $7.00
- ☐ OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS $10.50
- ☐ OXFORD DICTIONARY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH $17.50
- ☐ SHORTER OXFORD ENGLISH (OXFORD UNIVERSAL) DICTIONARY $25.00

THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS

With an introduction by BERNARD DARWIN. Most convenient of quotation books. Fuller cross reference of more than 40,000 quotations makes it possible to compare similar and related phrases and ideas. New Index gives the number of each quotation on its page. *2nd Revised Edition.* 1,022 pages.

A DICTIONARY OF MODERN ENGLISH USAGE

By H. W. FOWLER. The classic authority on correct speech and writing. Settles innumerable knotty questions of correct spelling, grammar and recognized usage, with sound guidance and many examples. *14th Printing.* 750 pages.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF AMERICAN VERSE

Chosen, with an Introduction, by F. O. MATTHIESSEN. Includes 571 selections from the works of 51 American poets ranging from the seventeenth century to the young poets of today. 1,188 pages.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE

Chosen and edited by SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH. The best known and probably the most highly prized anthology of English poetry. Covers seven centuries of poetic development from thirteenth-century lyrics to modern poetry. *Revised Edition.* 1,198 pages.

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO CLASSICAL LITERATURE

Compiled and edited by SIR PAUL HARVEY. Alphabetically arranged for ready reference, this single volume covers the whole range of Greek and Roman literature, showing at the same time its background and its influence on English literature. 499 pages.

THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Historical • Biographical • Theological

Edited by F. L. CROSS. A comprehensive one-volume reference book on religion containing over 6,000 entries. The most accurate, informative, and best balanced *Dictionary* in the field. 1,512 pages.

A DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN-ENGLISH USAGE

By MARGARET NICHOLSON, based on *Fowler's Modern English Usage*. The "faster Fowler," especially prepared for Americans. Adds new words and idioms and variations in American and English usage and spelling. 684 pages.

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO THE THEATRE

Edited by PHYLLIS HARTNOLL. A one-volume encyclopaedia of the theatre in all countries and all periods. This second edition has a supplement containing *154 illustrations* and four pages of additional bibliography. *Second Edition.* 1,028 pages. *Illustrated.*

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO ENGLISH LITERATURE

Compiled and edited by SIR PAUL HARVEY. Covers alphabetically by title and author more than ten centuries of literature in the English language, with brief biographies of writers, summaries of plots, and explanations of the many allusions commonly met with in our literature. *3rd Edition.* 940 pages.

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO AMERICAN LITERATURE

By JAMES D. HART. The standard guide to American books and authors, thoroughly revised and brought up to date with summaries of recent books and information on writers who have come into prominence since 1948. *3rd Edition.* 898 pages.

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO MUSIC

By PERCY A. SCHOLES. The most famous of all one-volume musical encyclopedias, brought up-to-date with new material on contemporary music and musicians. Includes biographies, opera plots and a Pronouncing Glossary of some 7,000 names and terms. *9th Edition. Illustrated.* 1,255 pages.

THE SHORTER OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY

Prepared by WILLIAM LITTLE, H. W. FOWLER *and* J. COULSON. *Revised and edited by* C. T. ONIONS. The big one-volume dictionary (also known as *The Oxford Universal Dictionary*) based on the renowned "historical principles" which have made the original 13-volume *Oxford English Dictionary* a recognized classic. *3rd Edition.* 2,538 pages.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

AUGUST 23, 1958

Who Owns the Past?

HEMINGWAY

vs.

By JEROME BEATTY, JR.

TWENTY years ago Ernest Hemingway sold three fiction stories to *Esquire* magazine: "The Denunciation," "The Butterfly and the Tank," and "Night Before Battle." They were published in that order in the issues of November and December 1938, and February 1939. The pieces all used as background a bar in Madrid which the author called Chicote's; the action and characters centered around the Spanish Civil War.

Esquire is about to celebrate its silver anniversary. One accessory will be "The Armchair Esquire," a collection of articles and stories by a few of the writers who have contributed to and, in some cases, been introduced by the magazine. To be published by Putnam's September 18, it will contain stories by, for example, Pirandello, Lawrence, Wolfe, Caldwell, Dos Passos, Mann, Salinger, Mailer, Camus, Shaw, and Dreiser. The book has been edited by Arnold Gingrich, *Esquire's* publisher, and L. Rust Hills, fiction editor. They quite naturally wanted Hemingway included, and they selected the three pieces mentioned above and planned to run them as "Three Stories of Chicote's." In May they made arrangements with Hemingway's New York representative, Alfred Rice, to use the stories.

Friday, August 1, Gingrich was inhabiting his comfortable Madison Avenue office, keeping an eye on his steaming gold Espresso machine, when this very same Alfred Rice caused to be delivered to his desk a copy of a court action by which Hemingway was asking for an injunction to prevent the reprinting of the three stories. Hearing in Supreme Court was set for August 6.

A few phone calls and the matter was settled. By Monday it had been decided that only "The Butterfly and the Tank" would be in the anthology and that the suit would be withdrawn by mutual consent. But by Wednesday, August 6, when the litigants were trying to figure out the easiest way to get downtown to Court, to tell the judge to forget it, *The New York Times* had come out with a front-page article which was a lot more promising than anything written about the Spanish Civil War. Rice, who privately admitted that Hemingway "never asked me to do anything like this before," had prepared a slam-bang suit.

"It is respectfully submitted," it argued, "and the court well knows, that the passage of time can affect the writings of authors either favorably or unfavorably. Illustrative is the change in the attitude of people to writings of men during the time Russia was our ally to the present attitude of people to such men and their writings now that Russia is perhaps our greatest enemy."

THE brief added that *Esquire* would cause the plaintiff "great injury and irreparable damage" and implied that the Nobel Prizewinner objected to reprinting of the stories because of a possible change in his political views since the Spanish War. To top it off, it was also maintained that the magazine didn't have permission to publish the stories a second time because it originally had bought the right to print them only once: republication would violate the author's rights.

Alfred Rice, who, as Gingrich says, "wears two hats, one as Hemingway's literary agent and the other as his lawyer," had started something. He had provided the papers with a swell news story, bringing in such themes as a hint of censorship, Russia, Hemingway, and the Spanish War, the possibility that he had changed his

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

political beliefs, that he hadn't, that his Civil War writings might contain something pretty damaging to his career, that something was fishy somewhere. However, with the purely legal character of the case decided some days before, the strange language and implications in the suit were cleared up that very day when the famous author reported by phone from his home in Cuba that he didn't agree with what his lawyer had written, that he wanted to withhold the stories because he thought they were dated from a literary standpoint, and that he is just as pro-Loyalist as ever.

"Here are three stories published in 1938," he grumbled. "It is now 1958. I have to edit the stories for words which simply don't sound right. If the rhythm in a story—for example, the way people spoke, of aircraft or other things—if the rhythm isn't there any more, I change it. If anyone thinks that I am worried about anyone reading political implications in my stories, he is wrong. My only concern is that my stories are straight and good."

That language in the suit, he said, wasn't his style or thinking. It was his attorney's. "I have called him up and given him hell for it," he said. As for the real reason Hemingway wanted to stop the stories from being reprinted, he declared that two of the stories "were not as good as I wanted them and I wanted to revise them. I reserve the right to make my prose as good as it can be. In fact, I have the obligation to do so."

The seeming simplicity of this aborted law suit is contradicted by the much larger question that is raised, a question that hasn't come up before. Can or should an author revise his writings, after a period of time, to suit some change in the times or in his own temperament or philosophy? How about going as far as Papa does, to declare that he has an "obligation" to do so?

Well, from his standpoint—and from that of any writer—the answer is obvious. Most creative people are terribly possessive about their work; a writer is no exception, and probably the finest example, for he will never lose sight of any of his works, no matter how far back he sweated over them. No writer will admit to himself, and seldom to anyone else, that anything he wrote was easily done. Not only does he have to struggle with the peculiar problems that arise while doing the actual writing, but he is faced with a multitude of derivative nightmares that plague him. The matter of who is going to purchase and print his creation is one. Another is that he has to "go over" his work with some editor who spends the day shuffling manuscripts back and forth like canapes at a cocktail party. When this ephemeral critic finally is satisfied with the alterations that he has seen fit to make in the story, the author gets paid.

THAT, too, is usually a disturbing incident, not only for the amount of money which changes hands, but because the author finds he has to sign a release before he can cash the check. By this time, you can be fairly sure, he is ready to sign anything. The next ordeal comes when he waits to see the piece in print. He may wait years and never see it. If he is lucky, it will be scheduled for not long after he has sold it, and then when he finally picks up the galleys or the printed version—whatever it may be—he will see that "last minute changes" have been made arbitrarily and, who knows, the entire project may have been spoiled.

Therefore, it is no wonder that the author tries desperately to hang on to whatever slight mooring lines are left between him and his work as it rapidly drifts out into the channel and toward some foreign shore.

If, then, by some combination of circumstances, an author gets an opportunity to improve his work, he by all means will do so. If it is a generation late, he will be mightily pleased at the chance, for he can fix up a lot of things that are plenty outdated, whether they be political, literary, or humorous. He can cut out the strange interpolations that some upstart editor (now forgotten) made, and he can restore the vital paragraphs deleted at the last minute by some composing-room employe.

The combination of circumstances rarely occurs, however. The author has to be alive; the particular work has to be resurrected; and, most important, the author has to be given the chance to edit it. This happened in the Hemingway case. He felt his obligation.

"In the first place," Hemingway said to me on the phone from Cuba, "*Esquire* wanted to include three stories of mine totalling more than 20,000 words in the anthology. That's an awful lot of words by one guy in one book, isn't it? Besides, I have been planning to use those stories in a book of mine, and the necessary corrections haven't been made in those stories. Sometimes I correct a story forty or fifty times. I don't consider something published unless it is in book form. I certainly ought to have a chance to read these stories again and correct them."

Whether or not Hemingway had a legal right to block the republication of these stories was not taken to court. *Esquire,* with its book in galleys, didn't have the urge to go through a court action. That doesn't mean the company was wrong. When a magazine buys all publication rights, as *Esquire* claims it did, it usually considers that it includes the privilege of collecting the piece in an anthology, unless in the meantime the author has asked for a reassignment of the copyright in his own name. (Hemingway never did this.) Permission is usually asked, as a matter of courtesy, and permission is usually forthcoming, for it means a royalty for the writer in money or prestige, more of the latter than the former, perhaps.

In the Hemingway imbroglio, though, there was thin ice to skate on, for he had not only sold what *Esquire* referred to as "all rights," but in those days he had had a drawing account from *Esquire,* and was on the payroll at one time. It could have been argued that the stories were written while he was employed by *Esquire,* thus confirming without a doubt the publication's complete ownership of the material—lock, stock, and barrel.

Hemingway, on the other hand, says that the magazine purchased "first U. S. serial rights" only, which means that they had permission to run the stories once, and once only. "It's a big publicity stunt for the book," he told me in obvious displeasure. "No matter how I objected to it—before publication or after—I'd be helping the sale of their book. If I sound crabby, it's because I'm really sore at them."

It was Rice's own idea to introduce the fascinating notion that "the court well knows that the passage of time can affect the writings of authors either favorably or unfavorably," and that "'irreparable damage will be done." The theory here is that Hemingway wrote something in 1938 which, today, is so utterly inappropriate that it is unprintable. The author then followed through with the information that there was no political connection, but only a literary one.

Why this sudden concern with the scribblings of the past? It's true, all that business about the passage of time, but does that mean if something wasn't written last night it will begin imperceptibly to cause, more and more, irreparable damage to the writer so that he finally must hire a lawyer?

There is plenty of precedent for Hemingway. Writers are always fiddling with their stuff for literary reasons. A University of Chicago professor has just been quoted as saying that Yeats, Henry James, and George

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Moore did more revising than writing during their later years. Moore changed his novels from one edition to the next, and James made extensive alterations in his novels many years after they were written. Dickens and Conrad, who wrote their novels first in serial form, had to edit them heavily before they came out between covers. Some people think Yeats and James ruined the earlier versions. As for Dickens, most people think he should have cut more.

Perry Knowlton, Scribner's editor, says that when short stories are collected from various magazines and put into an anthology or a book of some sort, a great many authors go over the piece and change it. "In most of these cases, though," Knowlton says, "they are changing the stories back. Magazine editors have edited the piece for publication, or even had the author rewrite it before it is bought. In that case, the writer wants to return his story to the form which he originally thought was the right one, before it is brought out permanently."

Hemingway's problem is not with editors, but with himself, he confided to me: "When I looked over those *Esquire* stories I told myself, 'I can write better than that!' Here's what I mean. I used the word 'fine' too many times; I changed it to 'good'; for where I said 'you were never alone in Spain' I rewrote it, 'you were almost never alone in Spain,' because it makes more sense. Where I described a battle as 'another bloodbath like the Somme,' that sounds silly now, so I have made it 'just another failure'; also there are certain words and phrases that are permissible today, like you don't have to say 'crap' and 'SOB' or 'bastid,' now you can say . . ."

Not in *SR* you can't, Papa.

Often the situation is hopeless. Maugham tells in "The Summing Up" about his strange little book about Andalusia called "The Land of the Blessed Virgin," written when he was a very young man. He says: "I had occasion to read parts of it the other day . . . Since it has continued in America to have a small sale it occurred to me that it might be worth while to revise it. I soon saw that this was impossible. The book was written by someone I had completely forgotten. It bored me to distraction."

Everyone I spoke to said they thought it was perfectly all right for Hemingway or anyone else to revise his works if for some reason or other they wanted to. Max Lerner, writing in *The New York Post*, went so far as to hint that it would be preferable if Hemingway would change his politics. "No one," he wrote, "at this stage denies Hemingway's right to change his old prose, polish it, or throw it to the winds."

But that reaction doesn't take into account that there is some interest and value in having something presented in its earlier, original form. A writer goes through many stages, and for students or for thoroughgoing fans there is an obligation on the part of somebody, writer, editor, or publisher, to leave alone the things he has constructed during each stage. If I ever become stuck on a desert island with only "The Land of the Blessed Virgin" to read, I sincerely hope it will be the version that bored Maugham to distraction. He owes it to posterity to leave it alone. We deserve the original.

If I had a say, it would be that time has affected the three Hemingway stories favorably. In the first place, the Spanish Civil War, confusing enough when in progress, is so remote now that young people don't ask questions about it. The political allusions made to and about the characters in the stories don't make much difference to today's reader, and if there is much propaganda there in favor of the Loyalists, it is matched by just as much for the other side. In other words, it's lacking, when placed in the context of today's events and preoccupations. There is no preaching in the stories; no expressions of partisan zeal; no Grand Simplicities choking the narrative lines. To any ordinary reader they will appear as nonpolitical as any writing can be that concerns a war.

Furthermore, these stories are just plain stories, better than a lot of other Hemingway printed since. But if he thinks he can revise them into a "Kilimanjaro" or a "Macomber"—or if he can squeeze all his later stuff back into the mold he used thirty years ago when he was in full control of his great talent—he is mistaken.

But there is no chance of getting inside him, to find out how he really feels about the literary values of these pieces. It would be much easier to divine the probable reaction of the Archduke Franz Josef, who bylined a piece in the same issue of *Esquire* with one of the Hemingway pieces under discussion. I don't know where Archduke is now, but he would probably quickly hew to the side of the revisionists if he learned that someone was going to reprint "The King Is Not Dead." This one, written about a year before World War II started, comes out boldly for monarchy, pointing out that although democracy is all right for some, there are countries and peoples who prefer royalty! He wrote: "Our current crop of kings is composed for the most part of modern enlightened monarchs." Take Farouk, says Franz Josef: "He almost immediately began to demonstrate qualities of independent rulership upon taking the throne." King Zog is doing a bang-up job in Albania, and King Carol and Leopold of the Belgians and Victor Emmanuel of Italy have "shown real greatness" and "technical knowledge." Ibn Saud is a nice king, too, says the Archduke, who also, incidentally, predicted a speedy return

(*Continued on page* 36)

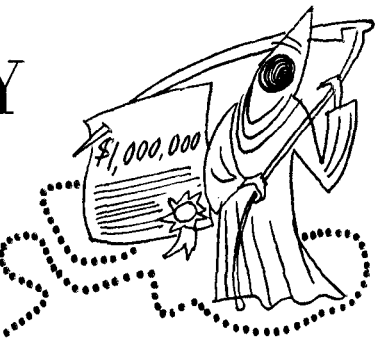
CHICOTE'S in the old days in Madrid was a place sort of like The Stork, without the music and the debutantes, or the Waldorf's Men's bar if they let girls in. You know, they came in, but it was a man's place and they didn't have any status. Pedro Chicote was the proprietor and he had one of those personalities that make a place. He was a great bartender and he was always pleasant, always cheerful and he had a lot of zest. Now zest is a rare enough thing and few people have it for long. It should not be confused with showmanship either. Chicote had it and it was not faked or put on. . . .

—Joris Ivens.

In those days the snobs among the rich young men of Madrid hung out at something called the Nuevo Club and the good guys went to Chicote's. A lot of people went there that I did not like, the same as at The Stork, say, but I was never in Chicote's that it wasn't pleasant. One reason was that you didn't talk politics there. There were cafes where you went for politics and nothing else but you didn't talk politics at Chicote's. You talked plenty of the other five subjects though and in the evening the best looking girls in the town showed up there and it was the place to start an evening from, all right, and we had all started some fine ones from there. —From "The Denunication," by Ernest Hemingway.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE EASIEST WAY TO DIE



Reflections of a Man About to Run for His Life

By JOHN STEINBECK

OVER a period of years I have often been approached (and the word approached is an understatement) on the subject of life insurance. I have also been bombarded in magazines, on radio, and on television with the suggestion that I should guard the futures of my dependents with the security of certain riches in the event of my death. I have consistently resisted this bludgeoning.

Recently the attack has been so concentrated that I have tried to analyze my reluctance, and I think I have discovered in myself an answer which might well have serious implications in relation to the survival quotient of the American male.

My discovery arose from a study of the tendency in American businessmen to die quickly after retirement. It can be argued that they retire because of a sense of termination, but this I believe will not hold water in cases of automatic retirement at a certain age. It is true that some men can survive retirement, but their numbers are small compared to those who cannot. The answer to this is of course to be found in the inability of most humans to tolerate complete and imposed idleness. A man can be idle if there is something he should be doing, but every doctor knows that to order a patient to do nothing is to arouse latent and increasing rebellion. It seems to me that when survival ceases to have a purpose, some great part of life force disappears. Your retired man, having in himself no valid reason to be alive, soon ceases to be. He cannot combat diseases which could not kill him during his active or productive life.

In the matter of life insurance, I believe the danger is much greater. It ceases to be negative and becomes a positive threat to life. Let us consider an hypothetical me—as an example. I have reached a certain age where my productiveness may be considered to be on the wane. I have children, a wife, a wife's mother, two delinquent cousins, and two faithful servants to support, and I have laid away little or no money. Neither is my life insured. For the good of this community, it is necessary that I be not only alive but functioning. For the sake of my dear dependents, I can't afford to die, and so everything in me will fight to stay alive. I am needed—and more than needed, I am irreplaceable. No one, I think, has isolated "will to live," but it exists, and the medical profession constantly takes it into consideration.

Under such circumstances, I believe that I am able to resist troubles and illnesses which would lay me out if such responsibilities did not exist for me. The human animal has an enormous resistance to pressure. This is clearly indicated in times of war and/or catastrophe.

Now let us take another fictional me. Over the years I have increased my estate or my life insurance until I find myself at the age of sixty with, let us say, a million dollars on my life. My dependents have their futures safeguarded in every direction in which it is possible to protect them—the educations of my children, the safety of my faithful servants. My wife is guaranteed her weekly visit to the hairdresser, no matter how long she may survive me. The dues at the Country Club cannot possibly fall in arrears. The horrible possibility that kin of mine cannot have the newest model automobile with the longest, highest tail-fins is out of the question.

Now whatever my business or profession, it is perhaps inevitable that I am not as productive as I once was, or if I am, maybe it seems to me either that I am slipping or that I am nearing a time when I will slip. Perhaps my income has fallen off a little. At this age also the little pains of muscles, the stomachache, the shortness of breath, which at twenty would not cause concern, at sixty are analyzed as symptoms of decay and dissolution. A pocket of gas becomes a herald of a heart attack, a headache from mixing whisky and wine in the same evening is sifted for tumor. Pains in the shoulders from shovelling snow, with soft muscles, become arthritis. At the same time it seems harder to go to work, to concentrate. It has always been hard, but we forget that.

Now all of these things have set me up for a falling income. When that comes, I am a sitting duck. I look at my wife who can't go to Europe this summer, or my children robbed of new convertibles because papa didn't make it last year after taxes. And this is ridiculous because I am a very rich man, but only if I am dead. Suddenly it has become economically unsound for me to be alive. It may not be in the eyes of my heirs, but I would not be human if I did not find it there sooner or later. What has happened is that society in terms of my little family group would be better off if I were not alive.

MANY primitive peoples in all ages have eliminated the old or ineffective. It is rarely necessary to kill them. Usually they are sent away with a little food and water, and rarely do they eat or drink it all. Since society has decreed them dead, they die—quickly and painlessly—simply because it is expected of them. A man will do nearly anything that is expected of him if the demand is great enough. He will accomplish the unbelievable physically and mentally if his world demands it. He will also die if that is the will of his socio-time pattern.

To sum up—I believe that large life insurance could well be a sentence of death to a man who feels age growing on him. There have been many murders committed for insurance,

(*Continued on page 37*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LITERARY HORIZONS

The Maturity of Vance Bourjaily

By Granville Hicks

VANCE BOURJAILY'S "**The Violated**" (Dial Press, $4.95) is a long novel, probably longer than it needs to be, although the design calls for a certain spaciousness. I find it continuously interesting, however, even in the episodes that might be shorter. There is vitality on every page, and it carries the reader along.

This is Bourjaily's third novel. His first, "The End of My Life," was one of the more interesting, though not one of the more widely read novels about World War II. Its characters were young men who had been exposed to the disillusionment that prevailed between the wars, and it showed how, although they had no illusions to lose, they could and rapidly did lose youth and the capacity for joy when they were subjected to the pressures of war. Then came "The Hound of Earth," technically a bolder, more experimental novel, the story of a man who sentences himself to a living death because he has unwittingly had a small share in the creation of the atom bomb. Now in "The Violated," returning to the straightforward method of the first novel, Bourjaily traces several lives from a dozen years before to a dozen years after the Second World War.

A fortnight ago I quoted Joyce Cary: "All novels are concerned from first to last with morality." Certainly this is true of Bourjaily's three novels, the theme of each being the search for the good life. "The End of My Life" is devoted to the proposition that war and the good life are incompatible—not a novel judgment, to be sure, but one that Bourjaily powerfully sets forth. "The Hound of Earth" explores the consequences of an act of protest, a moral decision, but it is also a disturbing description of "the way we live now." "The Violated" ambitiously sets forth four lives in detail and sketches a good many others.

The four main characters are Tom and Ellen Beniger, Eddie Bissle, and Guy Cinturon. Tom and Guy become friends in preparatory school, and they and Eddie become friends in college. The three make an oddly assorted trio. Guy, a Mexican, is rich and handsome and from the age of twelve makes the seduction of women the center of his life. Eddie is short and ugly, hard on himself and disagreeable to almost everyone else. Tom is intelligent, thoughtful, a man of good will. He and Guy grow to be close friends despite differences in temperament, and in time they become almost the only exceptions to Eddie's distaste for humanity.

In the first part we see Tom and Ellen in their home, following—unlike Guy and Eddie—what one thinks of as a normal American pattern, loved and protected by their mother and stepfather. (There is a skeleton in that closet, but Tom and Ellen are unaware of it.) There are their experiences in school and college, and the experiences of Eddie and Guy. Ellen is briefly involved with Eddie, but she marries Harrison Walle, the most persistent of her suitors. The war hangs over all the young men, and eventually all are drawn into it. Tom has nothing much in the way of a military career—he does marry an English girl—and Guy's military exploits are overshadowed by his reputation as a playboy. Eddie, on the other hand, makes a tough soldier, and survives "three almost uninterrupted years of combat infantry experience" in Africa and Italy.

The first part, in short, covers a lot of ground. The second, which is set in the mid-Fifties, concentrates on a single, extraordinary episode. Sheila Walle, who is Ellen's daughter—Eddie Bissle believes that she is his daughter, too, and for all we know he may be right—is fourteen. She is moved to stage a production of "Hamlet" in an abandoned house, directing the play and taking the title role. Bourjaily's account of Sheila's preparation is too detailed, but he does convince us that a fourteen-year-old girl could present "Hamlet" and could suffuse the production with her own qualities, especially her resentment of her parents. The adults who witness the play are variously affected by it, her father being so disturbed that he finds a way to stop it.

In what we see of the principal adult characters in Part II, we realize that a process of disintegration has begun. Ellen, indeed, is well on her way to alcoholism. Guy Cinturon is beginning to lose his interest in seduction. Eddie grows more and more violently misanthropic. Tom is closer than ever to being overcome by the practical problems of his existence. But after the play, the downward pace grows faster and faster. Tom in particular falls apart, and although there seems to be a moment of recovery, the end is tragic.

In an essay he wrote for *discovery* some years ago Bourjaily said, "Fiction which found nothing to criticize about the life of its times would be dead indeed, for such criticizing forms the system of arteries through which even the best-natured fiction runs, and has from Cervantes through Fielding to Mark Twain." That Bourjaily is critical of the life of our times is obvious enough; the problem is to define the point of view from which his criticisms are made. The hero of "The Hound of Earth" says: "The fighting of two major and two minor wars in half a century has drained our national character incalculably; from expansiveness, drive, naïve generosity and unquestioning warmth we have been reduced to pettiness, caution, meanness and suspicion." In "The Violated" Bourjaily seems less inclined to put the blame on war. Tom Beniger says to his stepfather: "The war may have speeded up our . . . development a little; but I don't think it's changed the various ways we were headed." Tom, of course, is being ironic about the direction in which his generation was headed, but not, I think, about the effect of the war.

As for the characters that give his book its title, they are, Bourjaily says, "violated by their inability to communicate, to love, to comprehend, to create—violated by neurotic commitments to preposterous goals or, more tragically, to no goals at all." I wonder whether "violated" is really the word he wants, but at least his general idea is clear. Bourjaily is now not so much a young man with a grievance against the age in which he lives as a mature novelist with a serious, even tragic, sense of the human condition.

Two characters introduced only in the latter part of the novel are developed at some length: Ned Kildeer, a stage and television director, and Ernest Goswith, a painter of pornographic pictures. Bourjaily also looks far into the future to tell us about the lives of Sheila and her associates in "Hamlet." The novel is not "well made," and the author quite obviously doesn't want it to be. But to the end it retains its vigor and strangeness. It is the work of a man of unusual creative power and deeply compassionate insight.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION

Compendium of Everything English

***"The Once and Future King," by T. H. White** (Putnam. 677 pp. $4.95), is a four-part epic account of the legendary and medieval world of King Arthur. It is reviewed by Anne Fremantle, an English-born scholar who has written and edited many books, among them, "The Age of Belief."*

By Anne Fremantle

THE oldest and most stable peoples have the deepest and most elaborate myths. The Icelandic Eddas and Sagas, the Greek legends, the interminable Hindu epic, the Mahabharata, of which the Ramayana is but one small story; these are at once intensely personal to the peoples to whom they belong, and vitally nourishing to all mankind. The British share with the Norman French who conquered them the great Arthurian cycle, best told in English by Sir Thomas Malory. And best retold by T. H. White, who brings Sir Thomas, as a thirteen-year-old page, into his last chapter. For Malory's mind, and his language, are both obstacles now between the legends he wrote down and today's readers, who are the only people for whom the legends are presently valid, since "the dead do not praise thee." Whereas T. H. White's rich, racy idiom, larded both with slang and with many dialects, is intensely contemporary and pungent.

And just as the character of Scriptures—the Gita, the Gospels, the Qu'ran—is their singularity, their once, only once-for-all quality, so the nature of myths is that they must surface continually, at diverse times and in all manner of places. Thus many twentieth-century authors of different kinds find their matrix in the Arthurian legend: Charles Williams for his fantastic novels and C. S. Lewis for his interplanetary ones, J. Tolkien for his sophisticated children's stories and T. F. Powys for his even more sophisticated Glastonbury romance, and John Erskine for his delightfully snide Galahad.

T. H. White has had what he calls "the Matter of Britain" on his hands for twenty years, and on his mind for far longer than that, for he seems to have been wondering at England with wide-open eyes and heart since his earliest years. And learning all the time—learning falconry and archery, history and theology, costume and design. As he makes Merlyn, King Arthur's magician-tutor, say to his pupil whose foster-brother Kay is being knighted while he is not, and is sad, learning is the only thing that never fails: "You may grow old and trembling in your anatomies . . . you may miss your only love, you may see the world about you devastated by evil lunatics, or know your honour trampled in the sewers of baser minds. There is only one thing for it then—to learn." And one other —to teach—which Mr. White does exquisitely, continuously, and surreptitiously. For all he himself has ever learned he uses to build this book that is a compendium of everything England was in the Middle Ages, splendid and sordid, credulous and cruel, horrible and holy.

We have nothing that we are not given, and Mr. White's book is not only better and thicker, more stuffed, as the French say, and richer, for being a retelling, it is also more original. For since it is about real, yet legendary, people—Arthur, Merlyn, Lancelot, Guenever, Kay, Gawaine, Mordred—Mr. White doesn't have to waste time making up his characters out of bits and pieces of people he knows. He can use all his superb talents, his humor, wry or boisterous as the occasion requires, his wrath, his pity, and his affection, in widening and deepening, in stretching and draping his material around the great figures who move through his story in glorious procession to their inevitable ends. Yet, though six or seven echoes may bounce from cliff to cliff, the reality of the voice is very different from that of the echoes it produces. So with a great myth: behind the story of the Round Table, behind the legend of the Holy Grail, are realities of another order entirely. And it is Mr. White's genius to use his writing both as a window through which these shine, and as a mirror which reflects them.

For Mr. White is not only retelling the Arthurian legend. For three-fourths of this book he is reworking his own material, rekneading it, to bring it to the fourth part, which is the final catastrophe, on as colossal a scale as Ragnorak in the Eddas. But, like the end of Oedipus or Lear, Arthur's tragedy lifts the reader up, it does not cast him down; the bush is not consumed.

Mr. White has divided his epic into four unequal parts, very like the movements in a symphony. The first book, "The Sword in the Stone," is a lyric of Arthur's youth, to set beside Richard Jefferies's "Bevis" or even "Huck Finn" as a perfect story about, and for, the young. Wart's adventures (as Arthur is then called), as he is changed by Merlyn into ant and owl, into goose and badger, into perch and hawk, are not only part of the young king's "eddication," as

Pacific 101: The Ranch By the Sea

By Rosalind Levine

All the way to the art fair at Laguna,
Where Western Avenue leaps out of dried
River beds to carry you to sea,
Gardena, Bellflower, Wilmington were chiming
Afternoon. And oil drills burned the air.

The trailer village with its tin cans glinting
Like shells, its gull-pale tents flapping a breeze
Southward until the yacht-club curved its smile,
Offered us neither flower nor child. A twisted
Palm-tree shook out its fronds of juiceless hair.

And then we came upon a stretch of beach
Sown with alfalfa greener than a tide.
No barn, no ranch-house was in sight; but horses
Sleeker than water bent their heads and grazed
Like a god's herds in full gaze of the sun.

And the waves galloped and a foal ran shining
Clear to the waves' edge. A wind sprang up,
Ruffling the brown wave first and then the white,
And stopped. And fixed that painted shore in light,
Just as it must have been in the beginning.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sir Ector called it, but also a part of ours.

The child's world is always Eden, and Merlyn is able to teach his royal pupil two things: that man is the only animal who makes war upon his own kind, and that Might must be harnessed to Right. In the beginning of Book Two, when the newly crowned Arthur summons his first council and tells them of his plan for a Round Table, Merlyn happily says his *Nunc Dimittis*. But Merlyn's mistake, as Arthur realizes at the end of his own story, when his wife is a prisoner, his oldest friend banished, his son trying to kill him, his Table dispersed, his country racked by civil war, was to teach him "that man is perfectible, that he is on the whole more decent than beastly, and that there is no such thing as original sin." This heresy is a purely British invention, coming from Pelagius, who in the fifth century started the meliorist rainbow racket that was to bedevil the Utilitarians in the nineteenth and the Fabians in the twentieth centuries: the idea that man can be made good by being made happy and safe and well. Since Merlyn was half-faery and half ancient Briton, he was exceedingly susceptible to this lie.

And so poor Arthur goes through life, forged as a weapon to aid man, assuming that men are good. First, he invented the Table, by means of which, after twenty-one years of patient success, he changed the England he had inherited from a country where children were hanged in trees by the sinews of their thighs, where it was no uncommon sight to see a man-at-arms whistling like a lobster and looking like porridge, because a bucket of boiling bran had been emptied over his armour during a siege, or a commodious gibbet which could support sixty bodies "like drab fuchsias between its sixteen stone pillars," to a country where any virgin could circumambulate the whole land, even with gold and ornaments upon her person, without the least fear of harm. "All the tyrannous giants were dead, all the dangerous dragons . . . had been put out of action. Where the raiding parties had once streamed along the highways with fluttering pennocels, now there were merry bands of pilgrims telling each other dirty stories on the way to Canterbury." The Table, created to stop anarchy, was a channel for brute force. Yet Arthur came to regard it as a mistake because, as Kay had pointed out when first Arthur discussed the idea, the Table was itself founded on force. And Arthur came to realize, "Right must be established by Right; it can't be established by Force Majeure." Once Arthur's knights had got justice they ran out of things to fight for, and Might worked new wicked channels for itself: the knights turned against each other. Arthur's second experiment, the quest of the Holy Grail, was a failure too, "because those who had achieved the Grail had become perfect and been lost to the world, while those who had failed in it had returned not better." Arthur makes

—*Culver.*

King Arthur's Round Table—
"The godly view is not enough."

a third attempt—"a map of force, as it were, to bind it down by laws. He had tried to codify the evil uses of might by individuals, so that he might set bounds to them by the impersonal Justice of the State." But though he is prepared to sacrifice to this Justice his adulterous wife and his guilty friend—the two people he loves best in the world—this attempt too, failed. "For even as the might of the individual seemed to have been curbed, the Principle of Might had sprung up behind him in another shape—in the shape of collective might, of banded ferocity. . . . He had conquered murder, to be faced with war. There were no laws for that."

Throughout all four books, together with the arguments and the always exciting plot, the implacable working out of each man's doom throbs through. Arthur's father had killed the Earl of Cornwall and slept with his widow, begetting Arthur; Arthur himself is seduced by his half-sister, and on her begot Mordred, whom he tried to kill as a baby; later Mordred killed his mother's last lover, while his half-brother Agravaine killed their mother. Over the nostalgic loveliness of Mr. White's evocation of the beauty of medieval England course the accompanying shadows: it was from Paradise that man first fell, and it is while Merlyn and his pupil are talking of the nightingale's song in a kind of ecstasy that Kay comes in with a thrush he has killed with his crossbow; the slaughter and disemboweling of the white unicorn is heartbreaking in its wanton butchery: and though the quest for the Grail "burned the bad gasses into a short-lived beauty," the constant killing and carnage is never glossed over.

Mr. White uses Merlyn as a brilliant device to go forward and backward in time. Merlyn remembers Hitler, and Arthur's reign is placed squarely in the Middle Ages, some sixty odd years before Sir Thomas Malory's book, though which of the Henrys or Richards made room for it no one can guess. Perhaps the whole Arthurian legend is a fantasy created by the collective unconscious of the English people to cover the trauma of the Reformation, when they suddenly were yanked out of the unity of Christendom.

But even the Church could not prevent war: she was at times able to prevent people fighting from Wednesdays through Mondays, and in Advent and Lent, but "the Church could not interfere too much . . . because the nations and the classes and the individuals were always crying 'Mine, Mine' where the Church was instructed to say 'Ours'."

Waiting for his last battle, Arthur knows the godly view is not enough, for man is half animal. The King returns to the wisdom he learned as a boy from Merlyn's animals: if man could but learn to fly, the imaginary lines on the earth's surface would be seen as imaginary, and to quarrel over them would seem as mad to man as it did to the migrating geese.

In this threnody there are wonderful set-pieces like firework displays, accounts of jousts, of falcons in flight, of queens in their bath, and royal feasts. In fact, there is everything in this great book, as there was in the castle where Arthur grew up, which was more like a village than any one man's home—and it was four-dimensional to boot.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Dimension of Love

"Balthazar," by Lawrence Durrell *(Dutton. 250 pp. $3.50), like its predecessor "Justine," is a poetic recreation of life and love in the modern city of Alexandria. It is reviewed by Paul Bowles, who is the author of "The Sheltering Sky," "The Delicate Prey," and other works of fiction.*

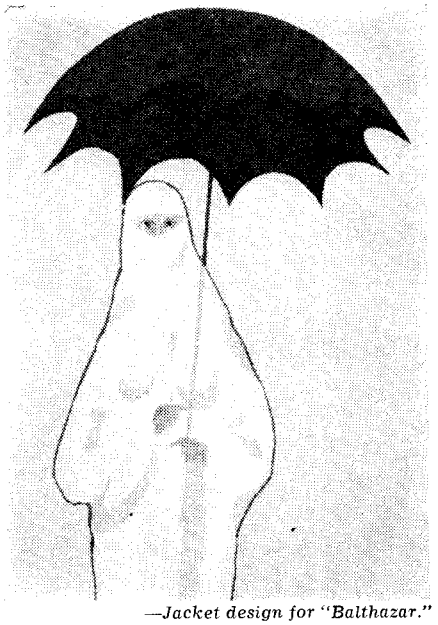
By Paul Bowles

IN THE note which precedes "Balthazar," Mr. Durrell propounds his aim and method. He is engaged in writing a tetralogy whose "central topic is an investigation of modern love," each volume of which will represent one of the four dimensions. Considering time as the final dimension, he has the three "purely spatial" volumes to deal with first. Of these, number one was "Justine," which readers in America saw last year, and number two is "Balthazar." Both treat the same characters and the same set of incidents, reported from wholly different vantage points.

The first book was a purely subjective account, told by the author. The present one describes his reactions to a conflicting version of the same story. (Here he has recourse to the device of a manuscript written by the friend who proves to have been more centrally involved than he.) Of the formal concept to which he bears such fanatical devotion, Mr. Durrell remarks modestly that it will be worth trying as an experiment in attempting to find a "classical" morphological form for our day, "even if the result proved to be a science-fiction in the true sense."

My feeling is that in the case of a work in which the formal structure attains the importance it does here, the author does himself an injustice in allowing it to be presented in instalments, no isolated one of which can possibly carry the impact it might if read in its context. Certainly an acquaintanceship with the earlier volume is a *sine qua non* for full appreciation of the present one. "Balthazar" is offered by the publishers as an entity, independent of its "sibling." This is misleading: read without previous knowledge of the material treated, it disconcerts. It is a section of a novel—not a novel in itself.

The arbitrariness of such an extra-literary formal concept militates somewhat against the writing's cogency, since it rules out the possibility of organic development. But Mr. Durrell is not concerned with creating the illusion of actuality; the dimensions in his fictive world are the despotic ones of the intellect rather than those of the imagination working to reconstruct reality. Yet the book is a pleasure to read, as is any book which gives constant evidence of an alert and articulate mind at work.



—*Jacket design for "Balthazar."*

"The elaborate, erotic chess game played by extraordinary characters."

Mr. Durrell quotes at length from Sade, and notwithstanding his claim (attributed to one of his several literary protagonists) that the reason for his choice is that the Frenchman is "the final flower of reason, and the typic of European behavior," I am moved to suspect that he is also intrigued by the intellectualized prurience of a book like *"Les cent vingt jours de Sodome."* And why not? Fortunately he is more enlightening than the Marquis when it comes to analyzing the hidden motives behind the gestures of people in love.

BECAUSE the author writes with poetry and precision, we follow the moves in the elaborate, erotic chess game being played by his extraordinary characters, but our involvement is with the writing rather than the subject. To convey the particular flavor of the writing it is essential that one quote. Epigrams: "Truth is what most contradicts itself in time." "Lust belongs to the egg and its seat is below the level of psyche." Of the city of Alexandria, the unavowed subject of the book, and in whose praise Mr. Durrell consistently deploys his most delicate prose: ". . . isolated on a slate promontory over the sea, backed only by the moonstone mirror of Mareotis, the salt lake, and its further forevers of ragged desert (now dusted softly by the spring winds into satin dunes, patternless and beautiful as cloudscapes). . . ."

The Great Man

"The Palace Guard," by Donald Braider *(Viking. 309 pp. $3.95), resurrects the lively past of an eminent, and deceased, Nobel Prize-winning author. Hallie Burnett, SR's reviewer, is a novelist, whose most recent book is "The Brain Pickers."*

By Hallie Burnett

SOME years ago, a novella by Henry James opened with the death of a famous author, and this device in "The Aspern Papers" was exciting and new enough to keep the reader interested in a minor character's investigations into the dead man's life and work. This trick of moving backwards from a dead body, or a funeral, has subsequently been used by John O'Hara, William Styron, and many other writers until, unfortunately, it is no longer either new or exciting. Donald Braider, in spite of a lively style and a store of literary gossip, has not been able to overcome this handicap in his story of a Nobel Prize-winning author, who is not, he says, Sinclair Lewis, Ernest Hemingway, or William Faulkner, but someone more important than all three.

In the opening scene of "The Palace Guard" we have Payson Hughes, a suicide at fifty-two, lying in his coffin in his Cooperstown, New York, retreat. He is surrounded, in the approved manner, by mourners in varying states of hypocrisy; one mourner, Charles Swanson, decides on the spot to write a definitive biography of the famous man. The investigation then begins with the wife from whom Payson Hughes has been separated but not divorced, and continues with two of his mistresses, one on a permanent arrangement, the other, an "angel" of an *avant-garde* literary magazine, with whom he has had a more casual relationship. (There is a third, most recent French mistress, who was with him at the time of his death, but who has absented herself from the funeral.) Other members of the "palace guard" are also questioned, and it all creates a mild suspense up to the point where the device is brought full circle with the narrator being driven to investigate himself.

Mr. Braider's writing is pleasantly erudite and he has a gift for the neat phrase. Unfortunately, some examples of the Nobel Prize-winner's prose hardly convince us that we are reading about a distinguished man of letters, and scenes with Payson

(*Continued on page* 34)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WAR AND PEACE

Tyranny of Privileged Ignorance

General Gavin—"struggled in vain for his ideas and his sense of urgency."

"War and Peace in the Space Age," by Lt. General James M. Gavin *(Harper. 320 pp. $5), is a report, by the Army's former Chief of Research and Development, on the present status of this country's defenses. Gordon Harrison, who evaluates the book, was a combat historian during World War II and the author of the Army's official history of the Normandy invasion.*

By Gordon Harrison

EVER since Lieutenant General James M. Gavin, former chief of the Army Office of Research and Development, resigned his commission last January, ostensibly as a martyr to his convictions, one has awaited the inevitable book that would explain and justify his decision. Here is that book, not wholly satisfactory as explanation for the General's broken career, but a good deal less acrimonious than it might have been and a good deal more broad-gauged and important than one had a right to expect.

It is in fact a very good book by a thoughtful general who after several years in the thick of the Pentagon has concluded that this country hasn't a chance in war or peace unless the Pentagon can somehow manage to recover its wartime capacity to see, decide, and act.

"We have had an abundance of national resources," he writes, "although many of them have been wasted. It has been the decisions that have been, at times, shockingly in error, not only the decisions themselves, but their tardiness."

Specifically, his indictment runs against former Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson. He charges Mr. Wilson with being conscientiously uninformed. He charges him with "deception and duplicity," in covering up the real motivation and consequences of his actions. When the Army was cut by the New Look, it was ordered to retain the same number of divisions on roster but include in that number seven training organizations reckoned separately before. Later, paper divisions were created by lumping together widely scattered forces—troops at Fort Benning, Georgia, for instance, with troops stationed in the Canal Zone. Small deceptions, perhaps, but why were they thought necessary at all if the Defense Secretary really believed, as he pretended, that his pruning shears made us stronger? And there was a more basic evasion. Budget cuts invariably directed by civilian chiefs were always presented as recommendations by the responsible military leaders, who were forbidden to tell even Congress what they really thought. Wilson's management of the Pentagon thus tended to make civilian control the equivalent of amateur control and established a tyranny of privileged ignorance.

Secretary McElroy is doing much better, General Gavin thinks. But the organization he heads is as unwieldy and as incapable of arriving at timely decisions as ever. In the bureaucracy, what normally happens to an idea, say for a badly needed missile, as General Gavin tells it, reminds one of the familiar nightmare in which the dreamer tries to run from disaster on legs that will hardly move. Bureaucratic paralysis has in sober fact extended the "lead time" for new weapons—the time elapsing between statement of the need and production—to about ten years, four times our lead time in World War II, twice the Soviet lead time today. It would seem axiomatic that in competition with the Russians and in contrast to the forward rush of technology, the Pentagon's slow-witted pace actually moves preparedness backward and trusts the nation's survival at last to luck.

General Gavin has no prescription for bureaucracy, and this may be the fatal weakness in him as doctor and in the nation as a candidate for survival. He has, however, abundant ideas on what we ought to do about defense, if we can.

Most of his book expounds the thesis that the way to avoid national defeat on the one hand and national destruction on the other is to develop the capacity to fight limited nuclear wars. The idea is not new. It has been publicized at length by Henry Kissinger, kicked rudely around by the pundits, and embraced officially by the President. All of which seems to mean almost nothing. We have made, General Gavin observes, no real progress either in working out the tactics of limited nuclear war or in providing the means.

Official endorsement has done little more than encourage the convenient nonsense that an Army capable of making bigger explosions will need fewer men. It has not increased the Army's mobility in a world in which

---

● *Time is running out and we must make up our minds now to make the sacrifices necessary to create and maintain a military establishment adequate to serve the needs of democracy and of the West, and by adequate I mean adequate in over-all strength as well as in breadth of capabilities. For if democracy exists to serve the needs of people, then weapons systems that it creates must serve it. They must be able to apply power with discrimination anywhere in the world, as the need arises, at any time. We must be able to control space, through the United Nations if possible, but if not, as an instrumentality of the West.*

● *Until our position improves, limited wars, if we were to be favored with them, would result in limited defeats—limited defeats that we would rationalize at the time but that would ultimately lead to general defeat, or to general war. Thus, by failing to provide adequately for something less than general wars, by failing to provide for limited wars, we invite general wars, and such a war is one that no one will win. This is the great danger of the "missile lag."*

—From *"War and Peace in the Space Age."*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

our commitments (as the Middle East crisis pointed up) are at very long range and by no means hypothetical. (Secretary of Defense McElroy just told Congress we still have airlift for only about one division, as we have had for years.) It has not speeded development of tactical missiles or special transport like helicopters and assault planes or, for that matter, of any other weapon or device to improve the combat efficiency of our troops on a nuclear battlefield. Above all it has not altered the preemptive concern in the Pentagon with weapons of the big war, even though we have long known that these can, at best, cancel out similar weapons in the hands of the enemy, so leaving the balance of effective military force to be reckoned in other terms.

Inside the Pentagon General Gavin struggled in vain, not only for his particular tactical ideas but for his sense of urgency. It would be sanguine to expect that he can do better with literary weapons from the outside. Yet if reason and passion have power to persuade, this book ought to make a nation angry. It ought to shatter the last remnants of complacency in Washington where for five years, under the fiction that the general was in his tent, the watchdogs slept. It ought to whistle down the corridors of the Pentagon, sweeping out the dead wood we can no longer afford to carry on our national shoulders. It ought to make every citizen think and every thinking citizen demand far better leadership than we have yet had. It ought, but it won't.

General Gavin would certainly be surprised if any of those things happened. No doubt he is prepared to settle for considerably less. Having written with simplicity and verve he may expect his book to interest a few more Americans in the problems of defense and so leaven the lump of ignorance on which bad leadership thrives. That is something, and perhaps it is a great deal.

Russian Space Plans "Revealed"

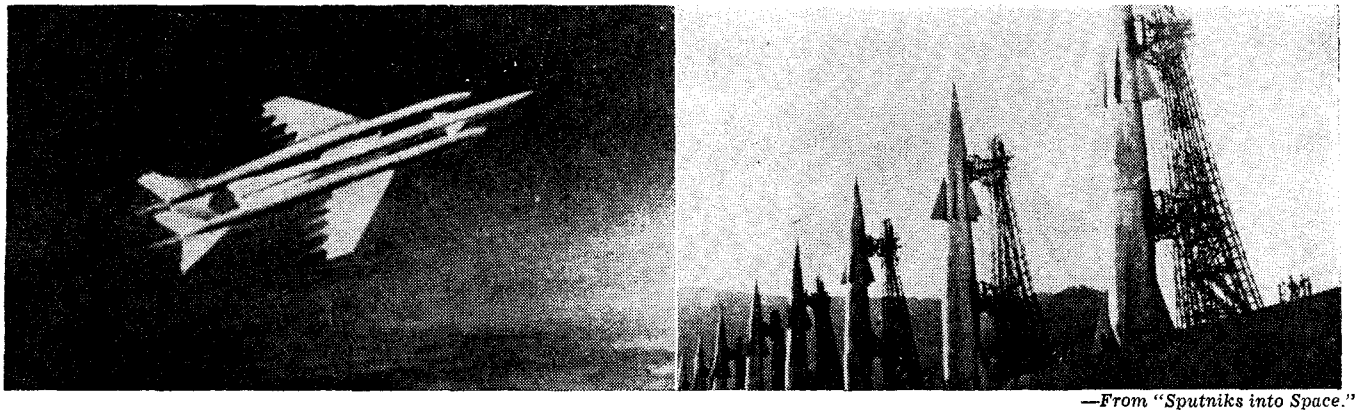
"Sputniks into Space," by M. Vassiliev *(translated by Mervyn Saville; Dial. 181 pp. $3.50), which tells about satellites, and particularly Sputniks, was written by a Russian journalist for a Russian readership. It is reviewed by S. F. Singer, of the University of Maryland's Physics department.*

By S. F. Singer

AN INFORMATIVE, popular book, published in 1955, was written by M. Vassiliev, a young journalist, and titled, "Traveler into Space." It was written for a Soviet audience and apparently enjoyed great success. Quite recently some material on earth satellites was added and it was published, again for a Russian audience. But what makes this present volume fascinating and amusing, is to have the interspersed comments of an American rocket expert, Mr. W. Beller, who in neatly phrased footnotes corrects many of the technical (and ideological) mistakes of the author. Right on the first page there are two blunders which would flunk out a physics freshman: Vassiliev mixes up "escape velocity" with "circular velocity," and what's worse, velocity with acceleration. I am certain Mr. Vassiliev never designed a Sputnik but I would have thought that his scientific collaborator, Professor V. V. Dobronravov, Member of the USSR Academy of Sciences, would have caught these and other errors. But very likely Professor Dobronravov was off building Sputniks and couldn't spare the time. (Of course, it is possible that the translator is the culprit.) Mr. Beller can be wrong too, occasionally. To escape out of the solar system from near the earth's orbit requires a speed of more than twenty-six miles per second and not 10.5 (as given by Mr. Vassiliev) or 19.8 (as quoted by Mr. Beller). Another little argument between Messrs. Beller and Vassiliev revolves on how much time it takes to travel to the moon, five days or seven days. Each quotes an authority. However, I can say categorically, it depends on your starting speed. It can't be less than one second, but it could also take years; it's even possible never to get there at all! Perhaps I'm too pedantic but I would like to warn the innocent reader not to quote these numbers to his son, and never should he make any bets on them.

IN A different vein, Mr. Vassiliev insists on quoting only Soviet scientists and Mr. Beller patiently corrects him, and occasionally trips him up: for example, when the book credits the airplane to Mojaisky in 1882 and later states that barely half a century has passed since the first flight. But this is understandable because the book is written for Russians. I find Galileo, Kepler, and Newton mentioned, but their nationalities are not revealed. There is one exception: Mr. Vassiliev singles out Dr. Ernst Stuhlinger, for his pioneer work on the ion rocket, but then he misspells his name.

What about the book as a whole? Does it reveal Russian space plans as intimated on the dust jacket? After all, it was smuggled into Italy and England; I presume it came to the United States by second-class airmail (book rate). I doubt very much if it



—From "Sputniks into Space."

Left: How Sputniks were launched from three-stage carrier, first stage being a manned aircraft of design unknown to the West. Right: Russian rockets of the future, shown in science-fiction film. The missiles' great size indicates potential use as space vehicles.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will help our intelligence experts. Mr. Vassiliev predicts manned exploration of the solar system, but doesn't everybody?

Only at one point does the author really spill the beans. When he describes in minute detail the first Sputnik, its size, shape, construction, its instruments, its radio signals, even details of its orbit. Even this revelation sounds familiar. Unfortunately, no drawings of this Sputnik are shown, but excellent pictures can be found in *Popular Science* (Aug. 1954) and *Sky and Telescope* (Nov. 1954).

The Soviets have much better popular spaceflight books, by Shternfeld, Gilzin, for example. As for me, I'll take Mr. Beller's own "Satellite" over Mr. Vassiliev's "Sputnik."

"Facing Down" the West

"Soviet Strategy in the Nuclear Age," by Raymond L. Garthoff *(Praeger. 283 pp. $4.50), is a study of Soviet strategic thinking in the age of airborne and submarine-launched thermonuclear missiles, based on an analysis of unexpectedly frank Soviet sources. Our reviewer, Philip E. Mosely, is Director of Studies for the Council on Foreign Relations and author of numerous studies of Soviet and American policies.*

By Philip E. Mosely

NO HASTY or sensationalized reaction to the launching, in 1957, of the Soviet intercontinental ballistic missile and the Sputniks, "Soviet Strategy in the Nuclear Age," by Dr. Garthoff, is the mature product of over eight years of painstaking combing and collating of published Soviet views on the new problems of strategy. It is a study of unique and urgent importance to everyone who needs to know how Soviet military leaders and spokesmen estimate the potentialities of the new weapons which are drastically reshaping the balance of power in the world of today and tomorrow.

In strategy, as in economics and literature, Stalin's death, in March 1953, was followed by a partial release from the pressure of adulation, by a partial satisfaction of the pent-up need for fresh discussions. Since then, published commentaries on new weapons and changing strategies, seemingly frozen in the dictator's last years, have taken on a new vivacity, urgency, and even frankness. Perhaps the chief novelty is that Soviet professional views are being published at all, for it was, after all, in Stalin's last years that Soviet military technology took its giant steps, in an almost complete blackout of silence, into the age of the thermonuclear bomb and the missile.

Nuclear striking power, long poohpoohed by Soviet propaganda as just an improved form of artillery, is now recognized by Soviet commentators as an entirely new strategic factor. Unlike some American strategists, however, Soviet analysts maintain that large land forces are more important than before, either to capture and "reorganize" contested areas after both sides have been weakened by a two-way nuclear exchange, or to wage non-nuclear wars under the "umbrella" of mutual nuclear deterrence or stand-off. Soviet strategists assume that, even after an exchange of nuclear blows, large Soviet and Chinese Communist land armies would be needed to occupy all of continental Europe and Asia, even if North America, though badly devastated, remained inaccessible to direct conquest.

Soviet planners generally assume that any major war would be a protracted one, and the Soviet submamine fleet, now estimated at nine times that of Germany in 1939, is designed to prevent the United States from bringing any decisive weight to bear across the Atlantic or the Pacific. Simultaneously, the Soviet Navy is devoting special attention to the development of intermediate ballistic missiles which can be launched from submerged submarines, and naval writers have discussed the potentialities of pre-positioned launching devices deposited in advance on the ocean floor. While Khrushchev has boasted that the U. S. Strategic Air Force has been rendered obsolete by the Soviet ICBM, Soviet professional commentators believe that the anti-missile missile will eventually provide a defense against the new weapon.

Soviet strategy treats different types of wars as bands on a continuous spectrum, ranging from all-out nuclear warfare through non-nuclear general wars, local wars, guerrilla fighting, political blackmail, and united fronts. To its adherents, Leninist philosophy holds out an expectation of world-wide victory without incurring "adventurous" risks. The Soviet preference is to use a wide range of political instruments, relying on military power to facilitate or consolidate political gains. Nevertheless, how "rational" and well informed is the Soviet leadership when the Party Presidium sits down to cast up a balance of possible gains and risks? More than once the Soviet leaders have skirted close to provoking a general war, presumably through miscalculation of the political and psychological factors in, to them, an unfamiliar and confusing outer world.

The present risk of Soviet miscalculations, arising out of doctrinal rigidities and predetermined misreporting, is going to be compounded by the emerging missile age. The shift from manned aircraft to missiles will shorten the interval available for fact-finding, deciding, and reacting, from several hours to several minutes, or to less than no time.

ONE response by Soviet commentators to this new problem has been a novel stress on the concept of the "preemptive strike," and perhaps Dr. Garthoff has underestimated or understated the significance of this new and ominous theme. A preemptive strike is defined as striking first at a time when the enemy's intention to strike is unmistakable. But just what will be "unmistakable" evidence in the period of ICBMs? Perhaps the greatest danger of the next few years or longer is that a nuclear major power which strikes first may win by reducing its opponent's second-strike capability to manageable or bearable dimensions. The growing openness and confidence with which Soviet military commentators discuss the possibility and the justification of the preemptive strike is an important additional indicator of the Soviet leaders' belief that they can use the threat of all-out war to "face down" the West and achieve important political gains without risking the destruction of their own power center.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From Finland Station to Hungary

"The Russian Revolution," by Alan Moorehead *(Harper. 301 pp. $5), is an account of men and events in Russia during the 1917 Bolshevik uprising. It is reviewed by Isaac Deutscher, who is the author of "Stalin, a Political Biography," "Russia in Transition," and many other books about the Soviet Union.*

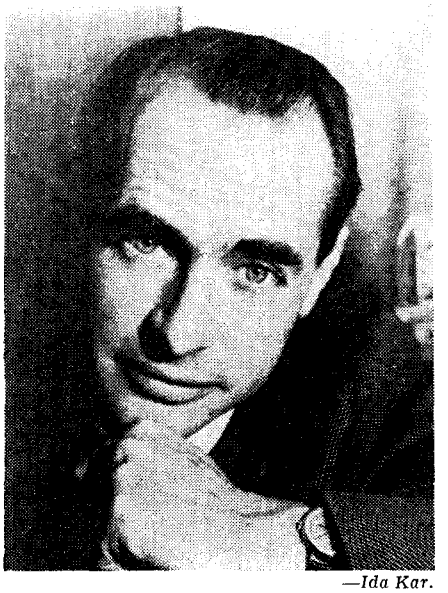
By Isaac Deutscher

THE publishers introduce this book as a "unique" and "utterly objective history" of the Russian revolution, which allows us at last to "see that from the Finland Station (i.e. from Lenin's arrival in Russia in 1917) to Berchtesgaden and Buchenwald, to Korea, to Hungary, is a very short, straight road." (Mr. Moorehead himself makes similar claims in the preface.) Such statements must inject doubt into the mind of any reader inclined to think that that road like most other historic developments on such a scale, may, on the contrary, have been rather long and tortuous.

Mr. Moorehead's book is, unfortunately, neither objective nor history. He reveals lack of objectivity at the outset when he says that his theme is "the technique of the Bolshevist conspiracy." This is the propagandist's language, not the student's, who cannot even think of reducing the most momentous event of this century—and Mr. Moorehead acknowledges the Bolshevik revolution as such an event—to a "technique" and a "conspiracy." The author himself avows that he is no historian. He says that he has no "specialized knowledge of Russia or the revolution." He evidently reads no Russian and has had to rely only on sources available in English, the advice of some "Sovietologists," and "the secret records of the German Foreign Office."

It is a pity that Mr. Moorehead, a talented popular journalist and imaginative reporter, has allowed himself to be tempted into this incredible venture. What would he think of someone who would write a history, say, of the French revolution without even knowing French and would rely only on English sources and the secret records of the British Foreign Office?

With this parlous equipment the author sets out to destroy the icon of Lenin and to demonstrate that the



—*Ida Kar.*

Alan Moorehead — "The propagandist's language, not the student's."

Bolshevik revolution was "corrupt" at its very birth. The icon of Lenin, produced by official Soviet scribes, has, of course, nothing to do with the writing of history. Nor has Mr. Moorehead's anti-icon.

Lenin the devil is a myth just as worthless as Lenin the saint or demigod. What doesn't Mr. Moorehead do to achieve his purpose? He puts more or less thick layers of whitewash on such figures of the *ancien régime* as the last Tsar and Tsarina, Stolypin, Kornilov, and even Rasputin—all emerge as almost gentle, almost innocent, or almost attractive creatures. If occasionally they dealt mercilessly with opponents, well, their intentions were good all the same and circumstances compelled them to act as they did—an excuse which is, of course, hardly ever allowed the Bolsheviks.

IT IS impossible in a short review to deal with the striking errors of fact and distortions with which this book is teeming. This is a "rewrite" of history, no more true than the Stalinist "rewrites." We are asked to believe that the masses that supported the October revolution were nothing but crazy and demoralized mobs and that the Bolsheviks and Lenin were a gang of cranks, villains, criminals, and German spies. It is here that the "secret records of the German Foreign Office," captured after the last war, allegedly come in as evidence that Lenin had made the revolution "with German money and German help."

Fortunately, the most important of these records (of which Mr. Moorehead produces not a single piece) are available in English in a volume edited by Z. A. B. Zeman and published recently by Oxford University Press. What these records show abundantly is that the Kaiser and his ministers did indeed spend a lot of money on promoting "subversion" in enemy countries, especially Russia. But these documents contain not even a hint of evidence that Lenin ever accepted that money or that he and the Bolsheviks worked in collusion with Hohenzollern Germany.

What is clear from the captured German documents is what had been well known anyhow, namely that the Germans had hoped to use Lenin and that they were bitterly disappointed; that Lenin was on his guard against German agents who tried to approach him; that he would have nothing to do with them (indeed he denounced them publicly in the bluntest terms and not, as Mr. Moorehead claims, "with indulgence"); that the German agents, especially Parvus, bluffed their paymasters about their "successes," as such agents usually do; that the Germans themselves discovered this; and finally, that Lenin's explanations about his journey through Germany, which he gave in 1917, immediately after his return to Russia, were scrupulously truthful in every detail. Indeed any historian who will approach the German secret records with an open mind and with a knowledge of the background will find that far from discrediting Lenin they only enhance his reputation for political integrity.

Habent sua fata libelli—libels, like books, can have strange fortunes. The accusation that Lenin was in German pay was first made by his enemies over forty years ago and given currency in the West during the years of Allied intervention in Russia, only to be discredited and forgotten for over thirty years. The Cold War has now given it fresh currency. Morally and historically the accusation is on the same level as the Stalinist charge that Trotsky, Zinoviev, Bukharin, and Tukhachevsky were Hitler's spies. Both accusations spring from essentially the same political philosophy, a philosophy which opposes to the old Marxist view that "the history of mankind is the history of class struggles" the profound idea that history consists of the intrigues and plots of espionage services. One should have thought that the American public has already been sufficiently misled by this philosophy and sufficiently overfed with it to be spared this fresh dose.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONAL HISTORY

The Travail of an Idol

"Eisenhower: Captive Hero," by Marquis Childs *(Harcourt, Brace. 310 pp. $4.75), is an analysis of the General-President, of his administration, and of the forces which overwhelmingly brought him to office, written by a newspaperman best known for his syndicated column, "Washington Calling." Sidney Hyman, who reviews the study, is an editorial writer for the* Washington Post *and the author of "The American President."*

By Sidney Hyman

WHEN a writer of Marquis Childs's stature brings his art to bear on any subject, we owe it to ourselves to lay aside other things, and to read what he says. In the case of his study, "Eisenhower: Captive Hero," the need is all the more compelling. For this is the first analytical narrative which puts the Eisenhower phenomenon in a luminous historical context.

The few other books or long essays thus far written about our Hero-President bore a different stamp. Either they nominated Eisenhower for the office of a demigod, or they dealt only with single phases of his career. Either they divorced the man from the institutional positions he held, or they tailored his image to narrow electioneering purposes. Some, to be sure, drew an interesting mural of facts and figures—a kind of pictorial lawyer's brief, advanced to support or dispute Eisenhower's right to lead the nation. Still, the forensic motive underlying the mural tended to distort the true meaning of its surface.

On the grounds of contrast alone, Mr. Childs's book would stand on a distinguished plane of its own. But it does not need the shortcomings of others to highlight its own merits as it shoots out four lines of force and develops them simultaneously.

Thus it seeks and states the influences which shaped the base-line features of Mr. Eisenhower's habits of heart and mind. It also seeks and states the points at which the man and his reputation are as one, and the points where his reputation and performance diverge. At the same time, it examines the cultural texture of American life, to locate in it the preconditions for an Eisenhower-style Presidency, and the effect that kind of Presidency has had on all of us. Finally, on what is perhaps the highest plane of significance, the book resolves itself into a parable on the uses, misuses, and non-uses of political power.

In his movement back and forth between these four lines of force, Mr. Childs ignites pillars of light which reveal the heart of his subject. Nowhere is there any lapse into clichés, or any felt sense that he is treating us to a tale worn thin by retelling. Rather, we come to a fresh understanding (and a compassionate judgment) of what General-President Eisenhower carried in the marrow of his bones as a legacy from his past—his boyhood; his military rootlessness in the 1920s and 1930s; his exacerbating tour of duty under General Douglas MacArthur; and, by the intervention of General George C. Marshall, his swift transfiguration from Lt. Colonel Eisenhower to Ike, the D-Day commander, the apotheosis of America's might.

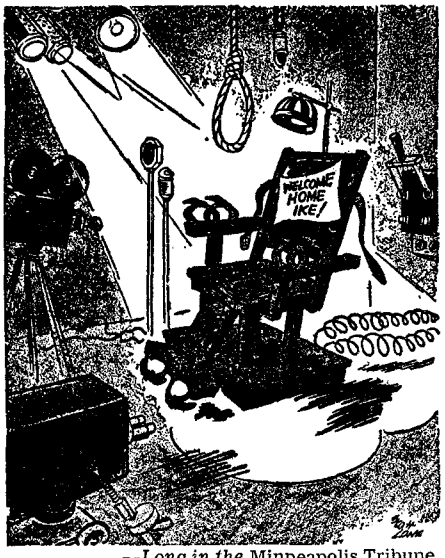
The power of revelation in Mr. Childs's touch is put to its supreme test, and shows itself to best advantage when he deals with the elements of mystery in the story. How and why, for example, did a worshipful nation seize on the figure of Ike, and use it willy-nilly as an amulet, girdling the national psyche? How did the political process—or more accurately, the anti-political process—transform General Eisenhower into President Eisenhower? In what way did President Eisenhower's self-abnegations (which would include his illness) contribute to his re-election in 1956, almost by acclamation? And why was it, that so soon afterward, the President—and the nation through him—came into the inheritance of a whirlwind in both its domestic and foreign affairs?

In dealing with these matters, Mr. Childs's angle of vision has a degree of similarity to the writers of classical tragedy confronted by the eternal question of fate and freedom. He says in effect:

Here is President Eisenhower, a good and famous man, a hero to his people, who consciously tries to do good and consciously tries to avoid evil. For a while, he seems to be favored by a dazzling measure of good fortune. But then, suddenly, he is engulfed by trouble, and involves the whole state in his own travail. Why did this happen, and who is to blame? Was he really free to avert trouble, except that a concealed personal flaw of heart and mind led him into it? Or was he, all along, the captive of fateful forces external to his own person?

THE answer is difficult to state even in the case of the kings of classical tragedy who enjoyed a great measure of freedom to make their own laws of action. The difficulties are multiplied in the case of a President of the United States who has but few autonomous powers. The very place he holds comes to him by the election of the people, on condition that he will work *their* purposes for a fixed time not by decree, but within a system of limited and divided government. If the President and the people then are jointly the leaders and the led; if they are

(*Continued on page* 32)



—*Long in the* Minneapolis Tribune. *(From the book).*

"Reception Room."

—*Mauldin in the* St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"Rough, eh, Soldier?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

Editor: NORMAN COUSINS
Publisher: J. R. COMINSKY
Associate Editors: HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN

Associate Publisher W. D. PATTERSON
Feature Editor PETER RITNER
Science Editor JOHN LEAR
Poetry Editor JOHN CIARDI
Editorial Production DOROTHY CHADBOURN

Editors-at-Large
HARRISON BROWN
JOHN MASON BROWN
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
WALTER MILLIS
ELMO ROPER
JOHN STEINBECK

Contributing Editors
CLEVELAND AMORY
HENRY HEWES
GRANVILLE HICKS
JAMES THRALL SOBY
HORACE SUTTON
JOHN T. WINTERICH

Contents Copyrighted, 1958, by Saturday Review, Inc.

The Perils of Absolute Sovereignty

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Recently in the House of Commons, Lord Attlee, former Prime Minister of Great Britain, gave the Annual Memorial Lecture of the David Davies Memorial Institute of International Studies (of which Sir Winston Churchill is president). The following guest-editorial is drawn from a stenographic transcript of the talk and is published here through courtesy of the Institute.*

THE root of the trouble in today's world is that we believe in anarchy. We believe in the complete, or almost complete, right of every nation to do what it chooses. One still has the feeling that anything like a surrender of sovereignty is contrary to our human nature. Although every day individuals surrender their sovereignty inside a country for the sake of a larger freedom, we still talk as if we were detached individuals when it comes to international affairs.

What is needed in the world today is the rule of enforceable law enforced. You will find some people who say that all this is high-flying idealistic nonsense. So long as human nature remains human nature this idea of world government will remain nothing but a comfortable dream. I wonder how many people have said that in their time with regard to every possible innovation. But you cannot afford to take that view today. Unless mankind meets the challenge of the present day it will not survive.

The United Nations doesn't yet fill the bill. The U.N. has not yet meant the surrender of sovereignty; it is not an authoritative force—it has no instrument. I am not denying that it is a very powerful forum of public opinion, nor am I denying that it does all kinds of good things, but it doesn't do the *essential* things. But there are some hopeful signs. Leaders in our own country and others no longer shrink from world government. It has been proclaimed by our Government that we must work towards world government—that is a great step forward from the old days when collective security was called midsummer madness. They also declare for absolute disarmament. Thirty or forty years ago anyone who preached that would have been answered, "Human nature never changes—people always fight." Today we have plans for disarmament.

But why do all these admirable plans break down? The late Arthur Henderson worked with great devotion between the wars on disarmament proposals. Other experts are working constantly. Yet why don't we get disarmament? I think the answer is that we always found that between the wars you cannot get disarmament without some security—it always broke down on that. How can you get security? You cannot get security internationally today. You may get a partial security in arrangements of one kind and another—such as NATO and SEATO. But I don't believe we will get real disarmament without an approach to an international force. I say it for this reason: at the present time we are held in uneasy equilibrium by the possession of two groups in the world of nuclear weapons. We hope this means that nuclear warfare will never come to the world. We hope that, but it may be that the mere fact that either side would hesitate to use these nuclear weapons may make them take a chance with what are called "conventional weapons." A good definition of an unconventional weapon was given by Sir Winston Churchill the other day: "Those the other side have got and you have not got." I don't much believe in this distinction. I don't believe that when you arm your forces with nuclear weapons you can then talk of them as conventional weapons. I think the distinction has to do with their mass destructiveness, as contrasted to comparatively light weapons for police purposes.

I think the time has come when, if we are realists, we should say that no major war would be won with nuclear weapons, and therefore if any minor trouble develops we don't want forces which would lead inevitably to the use of nuclear weapons. We want something much smaller and lighter—a form of armed police force. If we had that you could, I believe, have enough to stop incidents where there was danger developing, but we would also be saved all the immense business of these huge land armies that I believe will never fight at all.

How are you going to get such a force? People say that there is not today the necessary unity in the world; power politics are played all the way. I don't see any reason why, apart from power politics, some of these problems that oppress us in various parts of the world should not be settled peaceably, but there are people who have an interest in stirring it up.

Can we get away from this? Let's be realists. If it is really true that the Soviet Union is inspired by a complete desire to enslave the whole world, as a combination of the old-fashioned Russian imperialism and the new Communist ideological imperialism, then the outlook is pretty bad; but I always think we are rather inclined to overestimate the solidarity and strength of the people with whom we can necessarily have only a limited contact. Looking back at the war and reading the memoirs, it is most illuminating to see what they were thinking on the "other side." At the time we were all impressed by the fact of this great military force of Germany, absolutely on top, and yet you find that the inside was quite doubtful. And the idea of an absolutely strong, monolithic power in Russia may be wrong.

I BELIEVE that despite the possession of nuclear weapons, the dominating feeling in Russia today is fear. I believe the trouble in America is fear. If we could lift off that fear we might get much further. I don't believe that the holding of the satellite states is essentially due to an imperialist desire to spread Communism. I think it is a desire to have an expendable bursting layer between East and West. I don't think that any of us, any coun-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

try, even in the most extremist circles in America, imagines that one could conquer Communism by an attack on Russia. I hope Russia also realizes that they will not conquer the world by force, because the forces will be too strong for them—the spiritual forces. They are already finding difficulties in the satellite countries. That is why, I think, that if you could lift off this fear of Russia today an approach might be made which would reconcile things. And even if the nuclear weapons are held by the two rival groups instead of by a world authority it might be possible that the Russians, like everybody else, do not want to have localized little wars because they may not remain localized.

ONE of our difficulties in all these matters is that it is not as if the world was a very peaceful place. There are an awful lot of sore places. Any suggestion you have to stabilize the world as it is would cause a great outcry from the people under a rule they don't like. Again I don't believe, with all our sympathy for the Hungarians, Poles, Rumanians, and the rest, that one would contemplate embarking on a nuclear war to rescue them, nor do I think they would contemplate it either, because after the rescue there might be very little left of the rescued or the rescuer.

We need to make a start on the idea of an international force. That force would not be European solely, or American or Australian, but should cover Africa and Asia as well. One of the dangers I see today in the world is that out-of-date ideas still hang on. There are still out-of-date ideas about the primacy of Europe. I don't think we have shown an awful lot of commonsense in nearly committing suicide in two world wars, so we might be a bit humble on that.

I think that a world force might make the best approach to world government. I know all the difficulties of world government. You can say, "Where are you going to draw the line between what nations can do and what they cannot do?" But our aim would be to begin with the minimum, just as we did in our own domestic affairs. Our early force was really just to keep law and order, the King's peace, the Police Force gradually coming about, and it has taken very many years before we met society's other needs.

I would like to continue on the widest possible scale the work that is being done to try and raise the standards in the undeveloped countries of the world. I am all for that, but I think one cannot continue without any surrender of sovereignty. Surrender of sovereignty is what you want if you look only at this one aspect of war and peace. Could we make a start on that? I would like to see it pressed further, rather more vigorously than at present. So many of the smaller issues are pressed, but the big major one is not. I don't want it to be done by acrimonious disputes in the U.N.—there are far too many acrimonious debates. I would like it seriously discussed everywhere what the reality is—the reality that faces us, simply, is our civilization going to continue? This question was always at the back of my mind when I was in office. There was always this looming danger. Yet nationalism persists. I refer to the hope that nations may grow upon the question of sovereignty. Sixty years ago, who would have thought of the surrender of sovereignty in the British Commonwealth? Now today in India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Ghana, Malaya and elsewhere we have seen a surrender of sovereignty.

But to whom should sovereignty be surrendered? I believe we must have a wide authority and that that wide authority must cease to be based just on power. All the arguments (we had them all at San Francisco) as to why the power must be placed in the hands of a few big states—are true only if we are going to depend on action of individual states to support the law. If you get away from that there is no reason why we need have this predominance of the bigger states. The interests of the smaller ones are just as great as our own. I am not going to argue on the subject of world government in its detail. I have never felt that technical details were so important. If people want to get these things, they will. I would like a movement in this country and every country in favor of world government, not on the grounds of commonsense. It is commonsense that we who live in a city like London should have all kinds of things controlled—motorists must not pass a red light; drains must be looked after and all that. It is time we realized that the world is also a close-locked community today. We just cannot afford to have the exercise of individual sovereignty.

TO WHOM are you going to hand it over? I am democratic; I am prepared to submit to the will of a properly constituted body representing the world. I am not prepared to submit to a kind of junta of three or four of the strongest powers. I have been accustomed for many years to accept the will of the majority, and I am prepared to do it again. I would like Britain and America and Russia also to be prepared to do it, because I believe that unless we can get this we shall not get peace. —CLEMENT ATTLEE.

"No, no. You've got it all wrong."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MR. FIELDING REPLIES

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE for me to take to heart Mr. Horace Sutton's extraordinary attack on our "Travel Guide to Europe" (*SR* June 14), because the frustrations and yearnings behind it are so clear to anyone more than casually acquainted with either of us. Fair critical comment, no matter how hard-hitting, is one thing. This we can all respect. But Mr. Sutton's exploding geyser of bitterness and spite is so unfair and so distorted that all we can feel is a very real sadness for its author.

In his outburst, Mr. Sutton has behaved exactly like "The Red-Haired Boy with the Green, Green Eyes"—that spoiled little boy of the nursery rhyme who ended up with a spanking for his jealous temper tantrum. How else, indeed, could Mr. Sutton indulge himself in so many venomous distortions of the truth? How else, indeed, could he permit his byline on such a string of innuendoes, fantasies, and falsehoods?

His article contains no less than fourteen serious misrepresentations:

► There's the preposterous accusation that entire countries are given bad marks in our "Guide" whenever we find their Government Tourist Departments inefficient. (Actually, the most casual skimming of our sections on England, Italy, and Monaco, among others, will demonstrate the absurdity of this charge to anyone able to read a printed page.)

► There's the imputation that our reporting lacks "authenticity" because of our "now savage, now over-benevolent attitudes" toward the hotels, restaurants, and other facilities we cover. (Actually, our readers are specifically warned in the foreword that they are "bound to have violent disagreements at times" with us, even to the extent of calling certain of our opinions "noxious and fatheaded." With this premise clear, what reportorial sin do we commit in going ahead and telling the traveler our most honest, candid reactions and beliefs?)

► There's the sneaky little sideswipe that our investigations of European restaurants cannot be incognito—simply because we often list the names of headwaiters, for the convenience of our readers. (The routine process of asking any table waiter or cloakroom attendant for the headwaiter's name protects any writers' identities, including ours—but this obviously has never occurred to Mr. Sutton.)

► There's the irresponsible statement, delivered in all seriousness, that ". . . Fielding pulled into a travel congress in Lausanne a few years ago sealed in the glassed-in back seat of a Rolls-Royce town car driven by a liveried chauffeur." (Actually, it was an ordinary Austin sedan, there was no glass partition, the driver wore a businessman's blue serge suit—and Mr. Sutton should know better than to gild these particular facts, because he rode personally with us in that Austin!)

There's more, and more, and more again—ten more wild charges, all embroidered with the same poison—impregnated warp and woof.

If Mr. Sutton wishes to present me to his public as a pretentious fool and an imperious jackass, that's his option and his privilege. But I resent the constant substitution in this article of literary convenience for accuracy, and I consider it beneath the dignity of a reporter of his stature.

Mr. Sutton is a good writer who is blessed with the twin assets of a lively style and a sound knowledge of the travel industry. He is going to be a lot better, however, when this high-school, wise-guy cruelty phase toward some of his fellow professionals has been outgrown, and when he has matured to the point where he can stand success in colleagues who are genuinely fond of him.

TEMPLE FIELDING.

Formentor, Mallorca.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Sutton replies: "Having thumbed through my dreams, 1948-1958, I don't recall any instance of yearning to be Temple Fielding. When brought face to face with the name, my subconscious answered 'Who?' While I do admit readily to the red hair, my driver's license lists the eyes as hazel. Mr. Fielding may take the review to heart or to any other place of his choosing. My obligation is not to him, but to tell the tourist whether he is being guided or misguided.*

Since guidebooks call for clinical objectivity in reporting, it seemed pertinent in my review to recall certain instances of Fielding in the field which I observed personally, and to compare them with the ultimate reportage. As for my 'venomous distortions of the truth,' it would seem to serve no particular purpose to descend into a niggling argument to prove what kind of a costume Mr. Fielding's chauffeur wore in Lausanne in 1955. I remember being dazzled by the opulence of the town-car and chauffeur and I was therefore amazed, in reading his 1958 edition for review, to find Fielding saying that, when traveling, 'we're strictly Mr. and Mrs. Joe Smith, routine American tourists. . . .' Before publishing the omnibus travel-book review of which the criticism of Mr. Fielding's work was one part, we checked by telephone with his former syndicate; called Chicago to contact Mr. Max Blouet, former manager of the George V Hotel in Paris: and checked information with the executives of a number of foreign governmental travel offices. The facts as thus confirmed were printed in the SR *criticism, and if Mr. Fielding feels they substitute 'literary convenience for accuracy' he is, of course, at liberty to reconfirm our confirmations personally. The publication of 'Duffel Stuffers' in* SR *June 14 has resulted in a flurry of comment from here and abroad. Some of it came from highly-placed editors, some from government travel offices, and some from Fielding's own readers. None of it supported Mr. Fielding or his book. Indeed, some letters were so virulent as to be libelous, and it was for this reason that the editor decided against reprinting them on this page."*

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I don't care how many flags you've made, Betsy, this one has GOT to have another star."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Three Vehicles West

JESSE LASKY tells the story that some years ago, when Paramount was making "The Covered Wagon," word got around that Westerns were no longer doing business. Adolph Zukor, the head of the firm, promptly put in a long-distance call to Lasky on location telling him to cancel the whole thing and come home.

"But Mr. Zukor," Lasky said, "this isn't a Western—it's an epic." "Well, if it's an epic, all right. You can go ahead," was Mr. Zukor's reply.

The people at United Artists seem to be in a position quite similar to Mr. Lasky's just now. In William Wyler's **"The Big Country"** they have a large-scale, meticulously produced, obviously expensive Western that, somehow, they must convince the public is indeed an epic. One reason is that in a Western—even a big Western—the audience expects action, excitement, and a certain amount of violence. In a Western, characters are generally sharply, even crudely defined; one knows within the first few moments who are the "good guys" and who the bad. But "The Big Country," for all its familiar Western trappings, is a fairly complex and sophisticated affair. Adapted by Jessamyn West and Robert Wyler from a novel by Donald Hamilton, it seeks to underline, as did their earlier "Friendly Persuasion," the virtues of non-violence. It might be called a Jessamyn Western.

Certainly, director Wyler has done his utmost to give it epic stature. His central character, Gregory Peck, is cast in the heroic mold, a self-contained, peaceable sea-captain caught in the crossfire of a Western feud. After being forced into a bloody fight with Charlton Heston, the swaggering ranch foreman, a fight that ends in a draw, he asks, "Now what did we prove?" This paragon sees it as his moral duty to halt the range warfare between two rival cattle-barons, one his suave, soft-spoken father-in-law to be (Charles Bickford), the other a raw, patriarchal giant (Burl Ives) who dominates a brawling brood. Even their inevitable clash is handled in epic style: a lone, tense encounter on a narrow path through a chalk-white canyon.

All of this Wyler has set forth against backgrounds of unparalleled beauty and with a technical precision that is literally breathtaking. The camera swings from a close-shot of a wagon to a long-shot of riders dashing into town at the very moment when their dash is most dynamic and pictorially effective. The clean white lines of a stately manor house softened by a single tree and set against a clear blue sky, the sight of a sparkling stream meandering around a green spit of grazing land are images that delight the eye as have no others since the inception of the wide screen. The editing has a flow and rhythm to it that is almost infectious. Clearly, Wyler has mastered the problems of composing and directing for the new screen shapes beyond any of his contemporaries. What he has failed to do is obtain performances of matching force and effectiveness from his large, expensive cast. Peck underplays to the point of listlessness, Ives intones his lines flatly and heavily, while Carroll Baker, Jean Simmons, and Charlton Heston are little more than adequate in the supporting roles. For this, however, the writers must share responsibility. In their eagerness to point a moral, they overlooked the necessity of exploring, explaining, and making credible their characters.

* * *

William Wyler is not the only producer taking Horace Greeley's categorical imperative to heart. Twentieth Century-Fox has just revived "Kiss of Death," a slick crime melodrama of about a dozen years ago, scraped away its contemporary references and big city locales, latched onto the current enthusiasm for horror films, and released it as **"The Fiend Who Walked the West."** The "fiend" is Robert Evans, who remains very much the nice young man caught up in circumstances beyond his control. They seem beyond the control of director Gordon Douglas as well.

Far more fun is to be found in **"Once Upon a Horse"** (Universal), a fresh, impudent, and frequently sharply satiric commentary on the entire Western *genre*. Starring Dan Rowan and Dick Martin, a pair of TV comics, the film pulls a fast switch on just about every stock Western situation since "The Great Train Robbery," with a pronounced veer toward the slapstick sound and sight gags that once made Laurel and Hardy so popular.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center • CI 6-4600
REX HARRISON · KAY KENDALL
in
"THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE"
co-starring
JOHN SAXON
SANDRA DEE
ANGELA LANSBURY
Screenplay by WILLIAM DOUGLAS HOME
Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI
Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN
In CinemaScope and METROCOLOR
AN AVON PRODUCTION FROM M-G-M
ON THE GREAT STAGE
"PARISIENNE"
All the fun and color of the world's gayest city, featuring gigantic fountains and fireworks display . . . produced by Leonidoff, with the famed Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, guest artists and Symphony Orchestra, directed by Raymond Paige.

THE THEATRE GUILD and DORE SCHARY present
RALPH BELLAMY
SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO
by DORE SCHARY
with MARY FICKETT · HENRY JONES
Directed by VINCENT J. DONEHUE
Air. Cond. CORT THEA. 138 W. 48 St.

"The Funniest Comedy of the Year!" Cue Mag.
The DON HARTMAN Production of
THE MATCHMAKER
Little CARNEGIE
57th St. East of 7th Ave. CI 6-3454

AUTHORS: TALENT GOING TO WASTE?
Your Book Can Be Published!
Now you can obtain high royalties and wide literary recognition.
Send for your free copy of How To Publish Your Book and learn how your manuscript can be printed, advertised and sold.
COMET PRESS BOOKS
Dept. SR8, 200 Varick St., N.Y. 14

MEMO TO WRITERS:
The priceless ingredient in every book is the integrity of the publisher. If we are convinced of the quality and sales potential of your manuscript, we will offer you a fair cooperative contract. Publication will be handled by men of vision and experience. Submit your manuscript to:
THE AMERICAN PRESS
Attn: Mr. Saunders, 489 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A distinguished British historian studies the leading world figures and issues as they emerged during the half century that made our world

THE
Shaping of the Modern World
1870-1914
By MAURICE BRUCE
$10.00, now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE

Free to WRITERS
seeking a book publisher
Two fact-filled, illustrated brochures tell how to publish your book, get 40% royalties, national advertising, publicity and promotion. Free editorial appraisal. Write Dept. SR-8
Exposition Press / 386 4th Ave., N.Y. 16

Best Book Contest for 1958
$1600 Cash Awards plus 40% royalty. All types of manuscripts invited. For Contest rules and details of famous publishing plan, write for free Brochure S.
Pageant Press, 101 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 3

IF YOU MISSED ANY OF THESE ISSUES OF
The Kingsley DOUBLE CROSTICS
By Doris Nash Wortman

SR has a limited number of each available. Ideal if you are going to spend any part of the summer on a deck chair, on a plane, under a tree, on the beach, in a hammock, in a train, in an armchair or even on top of a mountain.

No. 29 @ $1.75 — No. 37 @ $2.95
No. 30 @ $1.75 — No. 38 @ $1.95
No. 36 @ $1.95 — No. 39 @ $2.95
Omnibus #3 @ $1.00

Make sure you send for these before the supply is exhausted.

Saturday Review
25 West 45 St.
New York 36, N.Y.

Please send me the following issues of Kingsley Double Crostics:

_____ No. 29 — _____ No. 37
_____ No. 30 — _____ No. 38
_____ No. 36 — _____ No. 39
_____ Omnibus #3

I enclose check herewith.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____Zone____State_____
(New York City residents add 3% sales tax)

Parties to Bloodbath

IN the last couple of weeks, since the intervention of the Marines into Lebanon, I have been watching the schedule of the Voice of America. "Van Cliburn Comes Home," "V-Day, Fourteen Years After," "Travel Restrictions in the USSR and America," "Soviet Aid and Trade," "Premier Menderes on New Colonialism" are good samples of what I found. Nothing very exciting, you may say; but more important, I think, nothing very exceptionable. For, if we want to, we can summon up memories of a very different sort.

In the bad nights that followed the Hungarian Revolt of the fall of 1956—when for a few months the conscience of the whole Western world seemed to suffer from dyspepsia—a shocking question was posed by many American observers on the scene. Had the American Government not only not played a heroic role in aiding or rescuing the Hungarian "volunteers for freedom," but —by conveying the general impression that we *were* prepared to play a heroic role—had we even contributed to the tragedy?

On November 24, *The New York Times*'s Central European correspondent, John MacCormac, answered in the affirmative. We had, he wrote, implicitly promised the rebels support we did not send them. "Who was responsible?" he asked. "In the opinion of this correspondent, and several colleagues with whom he discussed the matter in Budapest and since his return to Vienna, this responsibility rests on the Government of the United States—of which the Voice [of America] and Radio Free Europe are merely mouthpieces official and unofficial—and on its people, since peoples are responsible for their Government." Later, in James Michener's "The Bridge at Andau," the same charge was made: "If America wants to flood Eastern and Central Europe with [the propaganda of freedom] it must acknowledge an ultimate responsibility for them. Otherwise you are inciting nations to commit suicide."

All this constitutes a strong indictment, one which the executives of Radio Free Europe and other official agencies of American propaganda have vociferously counterattacked for the past two years. They claim to function only as a "symbol of hope" to the oppressed peoples of Iron Curtain countries; and they claim never to have made specific offers of American military and political help to Iron Curtain revolutionaries. From time to time, however, they *have* broadcast in translation the speeches of American political leaders. In August 1956, for example, a Hungarian could have heard the following words of President Eisenhower: "We must not think of peace as a static condition in world affairs. That is not true peace, nor in fact can any kind of peace be preserved that way. Change is the law of life, and unless there is peaceful change, there is bound to be violent change . . . We shall always hold that there can be no true peace which involves acceptance of a status quo in which we find injustice to many nations, repressions of human beings on a gigantic scale."

The question is not whether such words as these are inflammatory when *we* read them; certainly they do not seem so. The question is how do they sound in the ears of the average, frustrated, angry, wishful-thinking Hungarian or Pole, eager to grasp at any straw that might be turned into a weapon against the Soviet occupiers?

What is clear is that never again must any American agency be put in the position of seeming to promise something and encourage something which the American Government won't pay the check for. In broadcasting behind the Iron Curtain we are dealing with a hyper-sensitive audience. In the first place, their pride has been scraped raw, their patience strained; they are desperate, hurt, overstimulated. In the second place, they are vulnerable; pursuing forlorn hopes is not just a matter of potential disillusion to these people, it may be a matter of torture and death. What is needed is a very special understanding on the part of the operators of our propaganda agencies of the special sensitivities of their audiences. They will have to be highly circumspect and selective in picking statements for broadcast, including sometimes the statements of the President and the Secretary of State. They must bend over backwards. For it would be better to close down these agencies entirely than ever again to permit them to be, as they were accused of being by trained American observers, parties to a bloodbath.

—ARTHUR SETTEL.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC TO MY EARS

The Coliseum, the Bowl, "At the Grand"

LOS ANGELES.

AMONG numerous efforts to explain the disappointing showing of the transplanted Dodgers in this year's National League race, most have concentrated on the physical. Subtract the muscles of Roy Campanella and Don Newcombe, Snider, Hodges, and Reese (in one way or another) from the former total and there is obviously a deficit in striking power. But a recent visit to the ill-named Coliseum (it is bigger than any colossus has the right to be) suggests that there is an esthetic penalty as well as a physical one for these athletes to overcome.

There is, of course, no Gladys Gooding at the Hammond Organ to make each new game a continuity with the one past, whether she was greeting the umpires with the sardonic strains of "Three Blind Mice" or saluting a bashful athlete with a rendition, on the proper occasion, of "Happy Birthday to You." There is, indeed, no organ, Goodingless or otherwise. The National Anthem is dispensed from a well-worn recording whose farflung reproduction makes some of it sound like "O Canada." In place of the Dodger Sym-fony (whose absence I never thought I should live to regret) there were a couple of possibly amateur but thoroughly determined buglers, whose repertory was limited to a single military fanfare to which the embattled thousands responded, antiphonally, with the mass chant: "Charge!" On the night I was present, Walter Alston took the exordium so to heart that he was thumbed out during inning three. (The Dodgers won, which may be its own commentary on the leadership he has been providing.)

To associate the lack of musical stimulation with the below-par performance of twenty-odd professional athletes may be putting the heart before the course, but I think the conditioning of years cannot be dissipated without cost to the end-objective. The past of the Dodgers may or may not have been glorious—the ring of the word almost disqualifies usage in this context—but it was not without distinction. Only one who has seen the toothless lions of old thrown to the wolves of the concrete-sided Coliseum without so much as a ripieno from the Gooding repertory can comprehend the steep-sided vacuum in which these players operate. No soul-sharpening "St. Louis Blues" to greet Stan Musial, no "Charlie My Boy" as Dressen winds his weary way to the third base coach's box. Glendale or Pasadena would, I am sure, have done better.

The more conventional matter for a music critic's attention ranged (during the period of my visit) from the debut of a non-singing actor in a musical version of "Grand Hotel" to the debut of a singing non-actor in the Bowl. The first readily identifies Paul Muni as the star of "At the Grand," the second the appearance of Erika Koeth, a coloratura from Munich, as soloist under the direction of Georg Solti. Mention of "At the Grand" as another collaboration of Robert Wright and George Forrest, who struck it rich with "Song of Norway" and "Kismet," may be a shade misleading. In these previous efforts they had the highly potent repertory of Edvard Grieg and Alexander Borodin to draw upon. In the present one, they are melodically on their own, with lesser results. In its present form (many transformations impend before it reaches Broadway) "At the Grand" does contain one attractive tune: a tango called "A Table with a View," which is a recurrent motif throughout. Had everything else possessed this distinction, the score of "At the Grand" might come closer to realizing the opportunities provided by Vicki Baum's famous story. But most of it is conventional musical comedy, in which Muni's powerful dramatic portrait of Otto Kringelein wanders in and out of the frippery and the flippancy like a character in search of a justification.

To speak of it as "powerful" is, of itself, paradoxical; this Kringelein is a soft old man who realizes, almost too late, that the "retirement" for which he has been saving is upon him (by medical edict) sooner than he anticipated. His determination to have a last fling in the same Grand Hotel where he has been an obscure aide for years is played upon by Muni with all the resources of understatement he commands in a sumptuous summary of the acting art. This extends to a beguiling treatment of the musical material he is called upon to deliver; for while he lacks anything readily recognizable as a singing voice, he has the musical training to carry a tune on pitch, and the necessary variety of intonations, emphasis, and inflections to make the listener hang on every syllable. In any case, it makes a strong argument for Muni's long-standing view (founded on the discipline of the Yiddish Art Theatre) that a good actor should be able to do anything.

To mention Joan Diener (Isola), George Givot (Sicilone), and Neile Adams (Sophia) as other members of the cast is to record, merely, a passing phase of an enterprise which may be quite different before it is much older.

A rather contrary view of the vocal mechanism and what it can convey was provided, concurrently, by Miss Koeth in her American debut at the Bowl. She is a well-endowed performer of no particular individuality or compulsion whose performance of the "Mad Scene" from Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" and "Grossmaechtigen Prinzessin" from Strauss's "Ariadne" might have remained a West Coast secret had it not been mentioned that she is due for a Metropolitan debut (probably as the Queen of the Night in Mozart's "Magic Flute") next winter.

Allowing for the uncertainties inherent in the Bowl's huge speaker system, Miss Koeth's voice may be described as light, white, perhaps even slight, but thoroughly drilled to perform the music of her choice. Top notes present no challenge, as she demonstrated in her sound, if not round, high E flats. For the rest, however, one regretted that she did not linger long enough to visit the Philharmonic Auditorium and absorb something of Muni's cunning in coloring a vowel or savoring a consonant. Between flights from Munich and return, she spent not much more than forty-eight hours in Los Angeles.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Miss Gooding—"steep-sided vacuum."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Will O' the West

OF THE six Shakespeare festivals now edifying this continent, two are on the West Coast. And upsetting the notion that culture always travels from the more civilized East to the land of cowboys and Indians, the two festivals at Ashland, Oregon, and San Diego, California, founded their Shakespeare factories years before those at Antioch, Ohio; Stratford, Ontario; Stratford, Connecticut; and New York City.

The Oregon Shakespearean Festival began in 1935, in an open-air reconstruction of an Elizabethan stage. (Of course, the reconstruction is hypothetical and contains several features, such as benches built around the two forestage pillars and wide doorways at each side of the stage, that are modern supplements.) Its reason for going back to the old stage was not so much a desire to establish a living museum as it was to make the plays work by forcing the directors and actors to solve the problems of the plays in a way similar to the way they must have been in Shakespeare's day.

This gave the festival a guiding principle to hold onto. Furthermore, there was added to this an insistence upon disciplined, articulate speech and strong use of gesture, a directorial staff that does not change too much from year to year, and an institute, headed by Dr. Margery Bailey, which does exhaustive research on thorny points within each summer's schedule of plays. Whatever the lacks in a given production, the festival most certainly has its own personality.

This season it is performing "Troilus and Cressida," "Much Ado About Nothing," "The Merchant of Venice," and "King Lear." The latter two plays illustrate one advantage of bringing back key personnel each year. Richard Graham, who played the title role in a previous festival production of the tragedy five summers ago, this season has a second chance. What he learned from his first try has been applied to his new performance. This, combined with his steady accumulation of acting experience, has resulted in what the festival board of directors consider to be the finest production in their history. Similarly, the festival's producing director, Angus Bowmer, has been working on the character of Shylock over a long period of time. He has not worked selfishly to make the part greater and richer, but rather has tried to find a characterization that would make the comedy work best for its audiences. His Shylock, therefore, tends to be somewhat in the Smith-and-Dale tradition. And even his final exit is a delayed fawning one which achieves a punctuation of laughter with the Duke's words, "Get thee gone . . . *but do it!*" The other virtues of this production are Nagle Jackson's Lancelot Gobbo, the best this writer has ever seen, and Margaret Vafaidis's Portia, which combines the hysteria of love with the canniness of a woman who knows how to get her ends.

But there are for the sophisticated playgoer disturbing shortcomings as well. There is much too much grandiloquent gesture, and performing of the meaning of each line rather than the situation in which it is spoken. And in its wish to adhere to the Elizabethan pattern the policy of no intermissions is followed for every play. It is perhaps right to accept the challenge of making each production so exciting that one does not want the distraction of an intermission, but one wishes that the producers would amend their policy when it becomes obvious that an intermission would help rather than hinder.

In "Troilus and Cressida" we have a good example. Here is a play that presents great difficulties and particularly needs any help it can get. As directed by James Sandor, the most effective moments are the tender ones. George Vafaidis is ideal when he speaks of love. And Margaret Vafaidis admirably captures the tingling anticipation of a woman who aches to give herself, but does not wish to lose her man by quick surrender. As Pandarus, Michael O'Sullivan achieves a degenerate zeal that he manages to make amusing. But the long councils of war are static and talky.

One comes away from this festival with an admiration for the universally high quality of speech and for the beauty of this Oregon valley town and its refreshing climate (in seventeen years only five performances have been rained out). One also admires the fringe activities, including readings of source material for the plays and the famous Lilliput Toy Theatre of San Francisco, which presents thoroughly delightful performances with miniature cardboard actors and scenery lit ingeniously and charmingly with tiny lights. Yet one wonders if the positive values that have been achieved here would be lost if the Ashland Festival would occasionally invite a guest director to produce a show and allow him to introduce some modern innovations that would make the plays seem less remote to contemporary audiences.

AT SAN DIEGO, California, in a smaller and indoor Elizabethan theatre left over from the Exposition of 1935, the San Diego Community Theatre is offering its ninth annual National Shakespeare Festival. Under resident director, Craig Noel, its program tends to be less ambitious and more alert to entertainment values than its Oregon counterpart. It attempts only the popular plays of Shakespeare, and is less exacting in its discipline. Its actors are promising students, and graduates of the nation's best drama schools, who find the San Diego summer a stepping stone to careers in the professional theatre.

This summer San Diego is seeing "Macbeth," "Antony and Cleopatra," and "Much Ado About Nothing." Before each show, there is a free pageant on the lawn, or should we say greensward, in which an imperious Queen Elizabeth appears with her retinue and commands dancers, fencers, tumblers, and singers to entertain her. Once inside the theatre the stage appears smallish, and the small auditorium demands a more intimate style of production. The actor is called on for subtlety; while the less experienced actor is not always able to give us that subtlety, the challenge is good for his development.

In "Much Ado About Nothing," as directed by Allen Fletcher, two much too young performers, Edward Martz and Donna Carnegie, attempt Benedick and Beatrice. Thus, there are many times when the acting is overly obvious, with the actors underlining and straining at the making of a point. The best parts of this production are the fun ones: Miss Carnegie's double-take as she peeks back onstage to observe Benedick's strange behavior, or Mr. Martz's crooning of a song as if he fancies himself to be a Bing Crosby. Ric Lavin, who also plays Macbeth, has a nice dryness as Verges, and Joel Martin's Dogberry is amusingly fatuous.

Both these West Coast festivals are performing useful functions, in the training of actors, and in accustoming audiences to Shakespeare and a form of the open stage. The best performers in each company could be intermingled with those of our more professional Eastern festivals to our advantage. —HENRY HEWES.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Man and His Muse

"The Musical Life," by Irving Kolodin *(Knopf. 266 pp. $4.50), is a collection of essays, by* SR*'s music critic, about composers, compositions, and listeners. Neville Cardus, who reviews the book, is the London music critic for the* Manchester Guardian.

By Neville Cardus

A CRITIC doesn't read another critic for the value of opinion or for information. These are matters he must attend to himself, guided by his own peculiar needs. One critic's preferences are another critic's prejudices, and no critic worth his salt is indifferent to either. Colleagues in the craft turn to one another's writings mainly to consider the other fellow's way of getting the job done, with an eye on his use of language; also he turns to a colleague's review hoping to be entertained. The first concern, in fact, of any writer is to amuse his readers; enlightenment and instruction should steal in unobserved.

I have found in Irving Kolodin's "The Musical Life" much more refreshment to mind and spirit than in any book on music I have seen for decades. His approach and ease of expression are vastly different from the superior attitude and donnish sniff of most English writers in music. Mr. Kolodin tells of his experiences in music, in most of its branches, with the natural perception and communication of a connoisseur for whom a great composition, a great singer, pianist or fiddler, a great orchestra, are part of the environment of a mature and masculine sensibility. He does not detach music from life as most educated folk know it.

Music criticism in England still tends to look down its nose, regarding the art as a thing of prerogative or privilege. Or seeks refuge in "analysis" and gibberish such as follows: "In order to thaw its numbness which the sudden modulation to D minor produced, the composer uses the space at the beginning of line nine for a new instrumental bridge-passage and squeezes the vocal part into slightly less than four bars. . . . He avoids the danger of introducing an arsis on the weak second syllable of 'hundert' by tying the first across the bar-line to the strong beat of the next bar." Who reads this stuff, which could be written by any intelligent student? Mr. Kolodin can pierce to the technical center and reveal the composer's germ-cell; but he keeps us in touch with music as a living, expressive entity. For example, he writes this way of Strauss's "Metamorphosen":

> . . . a work without interruption during its thirty-minute span, it is a masterpiece of tonal fabric, each strand spun out of the preceding one. It begins and ends in C minor but it moves at ease through every possible key by Strauss's mastery of what we may call modulation by substitution. Where the ear anticipates a sharp, he provides a natural, thus say, altering an E major resolution to E minor. Flats for naturals, naturals for sharps—all of these make a ladder of tonality on which he clambers from one key to another as only a composer who knew the rungs intimately from a lifetime's experience could do with such agility.

My own test of a piece of music criticism is that if all references were removed from it to what it is discussing—the work and the composer's name—the reader would all the same get a good idea of the composition undergoing observation. I could have identified "Metamorphosen" from the brilliant (and simple) outline of it given by Mr. Kolodin. I am glad that he is courageous enough to say that "Metamorphosen" can "in contrapuntal strandings and intersticings" take rank with Bach's "The Art of Fugue."

—*Lotte Jacobi.*

Irving Kolodin—"sustains one of life's most lasting pleasures."

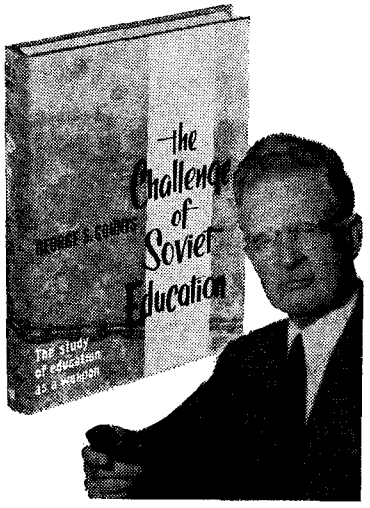
Mr. Kolodin's collection of pieces range over fascinating territories: "The Phonographic Memory," "Cadenza on Cadenzas," "Essay on Schmalz," "Richard Tauber," "The Vocal Thumbprint," "Mahler, Wagner, and Mozart," "Farewell to the Chaconne," "Lambert, Constant and Inconstant." His titles are witty—for instance, "Life Begins at Forte." His ideas sometimes flash out with a sudden originality: "It would be a sounder risk for some ambitious newcomer to do what practically no pianist in my experience has dared to do: use not one but two (perhaps three) pianos for a single programme, matching the specifications of the instrument to the needs of the music. It is not considered dishonourable for a conductor to reduce the strings of the usual orchestra if he determines that it is the best way to achieve his objective in a work of Bach or Haydn or Mozart." On every page Mr. Kolodin makes us sit up: "In a concert hall or opera house . . . I have frequently been struck by a curious fact: nobody, really, can tell how anybody else in the same gathering is hearing the performance to which I am listening." He then goes on to talk of timbre, overtones, vibrato, intonation, and the rest of the characteristics which distinguish or help to distinguish one singer from another. I wish he had dwelled on the average listener's capacity or incapacity to go beyond the top line of a score, the obvious themes and melodies. How many inveterate operagoers, so-called Wagnerians, could if challenged, describe what is taking place in the orchestra in the scene in "Die Meistersinger," when Beckmesser is suspicious of Sachs's present of the newly composed "Preislied," especially at the place where occur the words *"Und die Tinte noch nass"*? In a lifetime's experience I have met very few people who really listen to a composition as the composer himself would wish—that is, aware of every touch of musical art and its significance. I think it is Stendhal who one night at the opera was asked by the man occupying the seat next to him, "Excuse me, Sir, but could you kindly tell me if I am enjoying myself?"

Mr. Kolodin says of the "musical life" that it is a life with many rewards and irritations. "It would not in any real sense be a 'life' if it lacked

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The most distinguished book of 1957 in Contemporary Problems & Affairs"*

*A.L.A. Liberty and Justice Book Award



"This carefully documented, authoritative description of Soviet education deserves wide reading. For it warns the American people that our intellectual leadership of the world will be lost and our very freedom threatened unless they begin to realize that we must . . . build a new strength into our nation through an educational system which will serve the purposes of a free society as effectively as the Soviet education serves the purposes of despotism."—*from the citation of the Judges:* RALPH MCGILL, *editor, "The Atlanta Constitution;"* AGNES E. MEYER, *journalist and writer on social problems;* HON. PAUL H. DOUGLAS, *U.S. Senator from Illinois.*

THE CHALLENGE OF SOVIET EDUCATION

By George S. Counts

$6.00, now at your bookstore

A McGRAW-HILL BOOK

irritations, lacked identity with the humans who provide the pulse." Mr. Kolodin may not be able to tell you if you have truly enjoyed a composition, but this book will certainly stir you to want to enjoy good music of all sorts from Gershwin to Bach.

Writing about music is of no use unless it can interest, entertain, and open the mind of the average educated man who knows nothing of music's technical make-up. Technique, said Wagner, is a matter for composers to talk about—"the public should never hear of it." Mr. Kolodin's pieces make the perfect bedside book—perfect because it keeps the reader awake and so sustains one of life's most lasting pleasures, which is, of course, reading in bed.

Suggestions for Sonic Sanity

"High Fidelity and the Music Lover," by Edward Tatnall Canby *(Harper. 320 pp. $4.95), is a guidebook for home listeners which suggests practicable compromises in matching sound systems to average ears and budgets. It is reviewed by R. D. Darrell, the author of "Good Listening."*

By R. D. Darrell

A PIONEERING crusader over a decade ago, as many *SR* readers must remember, Edward Canby always has been notable among high-fidelity evangelists for insisting on the primacy of musical over strictly engineering values. Today he is more unusual than ever in stubbornly maintaining that insistence in the face of both the sensational recent advances in audio technology and their most notorious commercial debasements. He still is willing to risk the audiophile purist's disdain in arguing that the sonic "best" is obtainable only at exorbitant cost and effort, and in any case provides tonal refinements unnecessary, even if discernible at all, to average aural sensibilities. "If you can't hear the difference," he asserts, "there is none"—which is mighty comforting, if potentially stultifying, advice. Yet at the same time he is still indefatigable in preaching the immediately rewarding advantages, economic as well as sonic, of "assembled-components systems" over mass-market packaged units—the hi-fi's which are no more than slightly improved models of yesteryear's phonographs and radio combinations masquerading under a barbarous, and wholly unwarranted, new name.

Canby's distinctive role as mediator between the extremes of hi-fi fanaticism and apathy is far from a thankless one, however, since the majority of today's music lovers are genuinely anxious to get the most they can from the newly available wealth of recordings and broadcasts without having to beggar themselves or convert their living rooms into electro-acoustical laboratories in the process. Many of them already have profited immensely by his lucid non-technical explanation (in his earlier "Home Music Systems," 1953, or its revised edition of 1955) of just how the various elements of sound-reproduction systems work and how their costs advance geometrically as theoretical quality ideals are approached. And none of these old friends are likely to regret that "High Fidelity and the Music Lover" is not entirely a new work, but rather a fresh rewriting of the older one—usefully expanded to deal in more detail with living-room acoustics, tape recording, and stereo, as well as brought up to date in its citations of current models, prices, and supply sources. At the same time, those who encounter Canby for the first time in the present pages will surely be delighted to discover so sympathetic

—Robert Galster.

Edward Tatnall Canby—". . . mediator between fanaticism and apathy."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and enthusiastic a mentor—one who speaks an immediately comprehensible colloquial language rather than engineering jargon, who understands their budget, space, and study-time limitations, who repeatedly warns them against disdaining "the simpler things in hi-fi life," and who is able, above all, to provide straightforward practical solutions to their most pressing problems of equipment choice, arrangement, housing, operation, and maintenance care.

The highest fidelity always will demand—and cost—far more than Canby's recommended "median-way" approach. The passionate audiophile pilgrim never will be as easily satisfied as the "average" listener, who, too often, is encouraged in his ready contentment with moderately better home sound than that purveyed by the packaged-unit hi-fi's. But the novice must learn to walk before he can run, and no other audio-kindergarten teacher can guide his awkward first steps more patiently and encouragingly than Canby does here.

Criminal Record

BLACK MAIL. *By Doris Miles Disney. Crime Club.* $2.95. Junior exec. (female) in Connecticut bank dismayed as rowdy poison-pen letters trickle in; other employees similarly honored; nice Postal Inspector David Madden trails sourball perpetrator (also female): see-all technique skillfully managed. Sound semi-documentary job is highly effective.

ONE FOR THE ROAD. *By Fredric Brown. Dutton.* $2.95. Bob Spitzer, reporter for Arizona weekly, gets front-row seat as local law looks into death of bibulous divorcee; village idiot gets attention; red-herring device cleverly employed; cast agreeably authentic throughout.

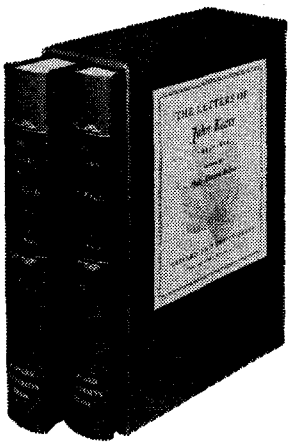
TRIGGER MARSHAL. *By Homer Croy. Duell, Sloan & Pearce.* $4.50. Bang-bang biography of Chris Madsen (1851-1944), Danish-born Oklahoma peace officer; fast factual job exposes much hokum; crowded with corpses and choice Croyisms (and don't miss the index). Fine photos. Four stars.

ALL ACES. *By Rex Stout. Viking.* $3.95. Two full-lengths ("Some Buried Caesar," in which prize Guernsey bull plays lead and "Too Many Women," involving 500 beautiful gals) plus three shorts make up this attractive Nero Wolfe omnibus; settings include rural New England, Manhattan; earliest number first published 1939. For auld lang syne.

—Sergeant Cuff.

Keats's world, his poetry, his personality come to life as never before in the first complete collection of

THE LETTERS OF JOHN KEATS



Includes all the existing letters of Keats himself, the most interesting letters of his family and friends, and all John Severn's dramatic letters describing the long ordeal of Keats's illness and death. With a fascinating introduction and a listing of letters presumed missing.

Edited by the world's foremost Keats authority,
HYDER EDWARD ROLLINS
In two beautifully illustrated volumes, boxed, $20.00

Through your bookseller, or from
HARVARD University Press
79 Garden Street, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts

Study at home with the

UNIVERSITY of CHICAGO

CREATIVE RECREATION . . . share the resources of the University, WHEREVER YOU ARE, for a life-long investment in intellectual self-improvement . . . whatever your aim: read the Great Books, invest your savings more wisely, increase your skill in dealing with people, write children's stories, gain a greater understanding of Toynbee's philosophy or of your adolescent offspring.

FOR THE MATURE MIND . . . if you're over 25, consider the advantages of using your leisure creatively, through our unique Home-Study curriculum FOR ADULTS—150 courses in Creative Writing, Philosophy, Psychology and Human Relations, Semantics, Archeology, Astronomy, Great Books, World Affairs, Mathematics, Art, Investments, American History Pharmacology and other fields.

INDIVIDUAL INSTRUCTION . . . enjoy a stimulating conversation-by-mail with a University instructor in courses like . . .

BACKGROUND TO CIVILIZATION
HOW TO LOOK AT THE MOVIES
WRITING POETRY

OPEN TO ALL . . . whether you're self-educated or hold the Ph.D., select any subjects that interest you. Begin at any time . . . study at your convenience, AT HOME . . . earn academic credit. For full information, write for the Home-Study ANNOUNCEMENTS; no obligation, of course.

The Home-Study Dept.
UNIVERSITY of CHICAGO
Box SR-88 Chicago 37, Ill.

Coming September 13th
ACCENT ON EDUCATION—*SR's Annual Survey*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Personal History

Continued from page 21

jointly the rulers and the ruled, the subject and the object of action, where does the primary responsibility lie for any public miscarriages following the use, misuse, or the non-use of powers that is jointly theirs?

Beginning with the ironic union of the words "captive" and "hero" in the title of his book, and on through the last syllable in the text proper, Mr. Childs keeps this question of "moral accountability" before our eyes.

Now he shows where the responsibility for sudden miscarriages of purpose lay primarily in the nation's own will to evade, by means of illusion, the formidable realities it faced. Now he shows where the responsibility lay primarily with the way the President lent himself, however reluctantly, to the working of illusion—and so on to the shock of disillusion in domestic and foreign matters. Both were self-blinded by the idealistic half-truth that all power tends to corrupt. What both failed to see until darkness closed in, was the reverse part of the truth: that the non-use of power can corrupt just as thoroughly as its arbitrary use.

A final word. The dust-jacket describes Mr. Childs as a highly respected and widely read newspaperman. He is all of that. Yet with this book, the description becomes a gross understatement. It would be closer to the truth to say this: Mr. Childs is a major dramatist who has produced a great and profoundly moving work of political analysis—a "constitutional-morality" play for our own instruction.

Scholastic Playing with Chaos

***"Our Friend James Joyce," by Mary and Padraic Colum** (Doubleday. 239 pp. $4), recounts the authors' experiences with Joyce and other members of the Irish Revival in the early years of this century. Maxwell Geismar, who reviews these reminiscences, is the author of "American Moderns."*

By Maxwell Geismar

THE off-Broadway stage production of the Night-town scene in "Ulysses" was an audacious attempt to popularize a brilliant and difficult book. Similarly, the Colums' memoir of James Joyce tries to soften and humanize an artist who by temperament and training was aloof, arrogant, and self-exiled. There is no question that Joyce was one of the great masters in modern European literature. But what was he a master of?

Despite his early rejection of the Church, and his continual blasphemy about it (a bond of love-hatred), he was essentially, as the late Mary Colum suggests here, a Catholic and Jesuitical mind, or a high medieval scholastic playing with the modern chaos. Even the title of the present memoir is slightly misleading. Joyce was a "friend" of the Colums in the sense that he depended on them mainly for financial aid and worldly favors while remaining as "uncommitted" as to all his other friends, and perhaps to all other human beings. The most autobiographical of artists in his work, he is the most elusive outside of it.

In a sense the Colums do not even ask the central questions about Joyce or his books. Their narrative is informal, gossipy, anecdotal. They met and knew the bohemian and arrogant young Irish artist in the early 1900s, when he was a student at the Royal University in Dublin. The early pages of the memoir give us tantalizing glimpses of the other great figures of the Irish Revival. There are the poetry gatherings at A.E.'s (George William Russell), or at Lady Gregory's. There are the famous plays of the National Theatre Society. The whole movement was based on drama, on spoken poetry and gestures, on music and politics.

But the early Joyce, as we are told, was interested in studies of heraldry. For the nationalist movement, the Gaelic League, he had little enthusiasm, because, he said, it had too much. Already he foreshadowed the climax of a literary tradition—international and cosmopolitan, purely "esthetic," Picasso-esque in its prose—which had started out as a particularly native offering of both the national life and the "wild mythology of earliest Ireland." Yeats had said this; and perhaps he and Joyce were the two poles of the whole revival. But "Dubliners" was rejected by the Irish publishers. Joyce left his homeland with anger and bitterness: "This lovely land that always sent / Her writers and artists to banishment."

There is an interesting passage here, by Padraic Colum, on the creative uses of exile, and he quotes the celebrated lines of Joyce. "I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race." Yes, but the nature of Joyce's "reality" is still somewhat ambiguous, and the conscience of his race apparently was subsumed by his own artistic integrity. Or at least, in Zurich, with his narrow domestic life, his failing eyesight, the central human experiences in "Portrait of the Artist" were based on his adolescent adventures, and on his adolescent emotions of rebellion and rejection. So, too, his notions of family life, of parent-child relations, of sex, women, and love are primarily those of the outcast sibling.

But with "Ulysses," in 1921, the

Pick of the Paperbacks

SEVEN ONE-ACT PLAYS. *By George Bernard Shaw. Penguin.* 65¢. Shaw's short plays, among them "The Admirable Bashville," "The Man of Destiny," and "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," are lively, provocative, and good fun in the Shavian manner.

DUBLINERS. *By James Joyce. Compass.* $1.25. These fifteen stories, weaving in and out of the lives of Dublin folk, recreate the somber world of Catholic Ireland. Written before "Ulysses" and "Finnegan's Wake," the style is simple, poetic, and the tone one of bitterness softened by Joyce's unwilling compassion.

THE BOOK OF GOD. *By Baruch Spinoza. Wisdom.* $1.45. Reflections on hope, knowledge, the good, were written during the seventeenth-century philosopher's early years.

THE PENGUIN BOOK OF AUSTRALIAN VERSE. *Edited by Kenneth Slessor and R. G. Howarth. Penguin.* 85¢. Poetry by "down under" writers will be, for most, a fresh experience. This collection represents the works of poets from the mid-nineteenth century to the present time. The notes, both biographical and critical, serve as helpful guides through unfamiliar terrain.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—From "And the Bridge is Love."

Alma Mahler Werfel—above, as a debutante; below, as she is today: "My life was beautiful."

A Need to Suffer with Genius

"And the Bridge is Love," by Alma Mahler Werfel *(Harcourt, Brace. 312 pp. $5.95), is the memoirs of a Viennese woman whose marriages and love affairs involved her with many of this century's great creative men. It is reviewed by Virgilia Peterson, a well-known literary critic and lecturer on books and authors.*

By Virgilia Peterson

ALMA MAHLER WERFEL, a rather legendary Austrian lady whose memories span all the changes that have taken place in the world since the reign of Franz Josef, has written, with the help of a Viennese collaborator named E. B. Ashton, not exactly the story of her life, but rather the story of her relationships—with her parents, husbands, lovers, children, and friends.

The daughter of a well-known landscape painter, Emil J. Schindler, she belonged from the start, by instinct as well as by training, to the world of creators. Artistic concepts and reverence for genius, were as tightly knitted into her childhood as the manners she learned and the food she ate. But this mental climate does not altogether explain the shape her adult life assumed. Had she not been endowed with what must have been unusual beauty (to which the photographs in the book, and her own remarks, attest) and even more importantly, with an enormous *élan vital,* she would long ago have burned herself out in the furnace of her own emotions.

"My life," writes Frau Werfel, at the close of this chronicle, "was beautiful. God gave me to know the works of genius in our times before they left the hands of their creators. And if for a while I was able to hold the stirrups of these horsemen of light, my being has been justified and blessed."

Quite a number of "horsemen of light" wanted Alma Mahler Werfel to hold their stirrups, but of course she could not help them all. And the task, dramatic, important, and glamorous as it may have looked to the outside world, was not easy. She was twenty and Gustav Mahler more than forty when they married. She was a Catholic, he a Jew. She was a neophyte musician in her own right, he was the conductor of the Vienna opera. He demanded that she give up her music to serve his, give up her social life to maintain for him the severe routine without which no artist ever fulfills himself. Much as she loved and admired him, she was often tempted and often longed to be set free. Yet Mahler's death was a real grief.

Moreover, it must have been inherent in her nature to need to suffer with genius and be torn between rebellion and sacrifice, for her subsequent marriage to the architect Walter Gropius, whose only demand was to serve her, did not last. She left him for a love-affair with another tormentor, the painter Oskar Kokoschka, and him she only left (and in her imagination, she never entirely left him) for the marriage with the famous Jewish novelist Franz Werfel, which was to be the most demanding, the most ex-

immense if sometimes conspicuous, erudition, the multiple forms of scholastic symbolism, the layer upon layer of myth which Joyce used to create the "simultaneity of history," the remarkable poetic imagination behind the novel, made it the landmark which it is. If it is indeed a summary and a guidebook to Western European culture, we read it with a curious mixture of annoyance and fascination. There is so much left out—there is so much in it! During these later years, too, and with the serial publication of "Work in Progress"—which became "Finnegan's Wake" — the Colums drew closer to Joyce, and their memoir becomes more intimate.

Padraic Colum had his share in Joyce's last epic, which is the story of the nighttime life of the race, as "Ulysses" was the tale of its daylight existence, solid, earthy, vulgar: all the things Joyce was not. Perhaps the "universal language" of "Finnegan's Wake," couched so often in the bewildering, entertaining idiom of infantile orality, still remains inaccessible to the common man. Yet these two great books represent the triumph of the artist's imagination over the "facts" of his life and temperament.

For our 48 page sculpture catalog of authentic museum masterpieces in replica, send name, address and 25¢ in coin.
brentano's
Dept. S-10, 586 Fifth Ave., New York 36

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

acting, and also, apparently, the most satisfying, and the last.

Some excerpts from Werfel's diary, which was published here a few years ago, have been included in this account of their mutual passion and of the tragedy that took place before their marriage—the death of the infant son whom they both believed to have been his. Doubtless, these confessions do not seem as bald to the author as they do to the reader, for she goes on the familiar assumption that the moral standards of ordinary folk need not, and should not, apply to genius. Whether or not this is so, geniuses and those they love have always taken it for granted.

If "And the Bridge Is Love" opens windows upon rooms of the soul which most people go to considerable lengths to keep closed, it also opens windows on many of the Europeans who made the creative history of our times, such as Hauptmann, Sudermann, Debussy, Ravel, Schönberg, Alban Berg, von Unruh, Strauss, Schnitzler, Max Reinhardt, and Remarque. It takes us from Vienna to Paris to New York to Milan, from the Riviera to Cairo to Venice to Hollywood, from Israel to Lourdes. It takes us through two world wars and into world revolution. In an objective sense, therefore, it is an integral part of the fearful, but wonderful, mosaic of this century.

NOW, in the evening of her life, Alma Mahler Werfel looks upon her memories with a hard-won tranquillity. Her two rooms in New York house the original score of a Mahler symphony, the manuscript of Werfel's last novel, a painting of her father's, a series of fans on which Oskar Kokoschka had painted for her the various phases of their love, photographs of her children (only one of whom survives), and perhaps even some souvenir of Walter Gropius, who was the father of one of these children. What she has described in this book, with at times a most unconventional candor and with at all times a naïvely abundant respect for self, is a veritable mountain range of passionate experience. To say that Frau Werfel has "lived" would be quite an understatement.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

AESCULAPIUS, FAREWELL!

The men who fit the following descriptions were all doctors or medical students before they became famous as writers. Warren S. Walker of Carlinsville, Illinois, asks you to name them. Prescriptions filled on page 36.

1. Apprenticed to a surgeon and druggist when he was fifteen, this orphan later became the high priest of English romanticism and was elegized by Shelley in "Endymion."
2. A practicing psychiatrist, he began publishing poems during his college days in *The Fugitive* and became the most prolific sonneteer of the twentieth century. Reportedly, he had over 100,000 sonnets stored in his "Sonnetorium" at Squantum, Massachusetts, at the time of his recent death.
3. This Scot served as a fleet surgeon in the prolonged siege of Cartagena, later turned to writing, and published several of the most realistic novels of the eighteenth century.
4. A popular lecturer in anatomy and physiology for forty years and a founder of the Tremont Medical School in Boston, this M.D. is best remembered as an essayist and writer of light verse.
5. Physician to Queen Anne, this man became the intimate of Pope and Swift and is now considered to have been the mainspring of the famous Tory literary society, the Scriblerus Club.
6. An eminently successful novelist and playwright for over forty years, this writer (now a vigorous octogenarian) recorded some of his experiences as a medical student in "Liza of Lambeth" (1897).
7. A seventeenth-century physician, he gave more and more of his time to meditation on death and immortality, producing a number of works on these subjects, the best of which is probably "Hydriotaphia, or Urne-Burial."
8. Surgeon's mate on a British man-of-war cruising the Pacific (1846-1850), he turned to writing polemical literature supporting the theory of evolution and was nicknamed "Darwin's Bulldog."
9. Studying in Moscow, he received his medical degree in 1884 but practiced little; instead, he wrote some of the world's finest plays and short stories, most of them studies of man's essential loneliness.
10. He practiced medicine during his mid-twenties, then took orders in the Church of England, and finally earned fame as the author of "The Village," a rejoinder to Goldsmith's "The Deserted Village."

Fiction

Continued from page 16

Hughes as related by his friends and acquaintances seem to parody certain reminiscences about other famous literary men in their drunken and less responsible moments. Profanity is freely used as shock-treatment for otherwise banal incidents, and the books is burdened with letters from the famous author and from practically everyone else. Even the conclusion is achieved by means of letters: a concealed suicide note from the dead man is the last business in the book, following another letter from Payson Hughes's doctor giving his own justification for the suicide. It all fails, in this reviewer's opinion, to make credible or significant either the life or the death of the chief character, although its readability may make some readers interested in seeing Mr. Braider's next book.

MANY PHASES OF MAME: Patrick Dennis, the Lon Chaney of light fiction, returns for an encore in **"Around the World With Auntie Mame"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.95). The protean author's variable auntie, who has already logged a battle record that would have taxed the Rover Boys, slogs pluckily through yet another brace of misadventures, *circa* 1937. The pretext for this forced draught of flashbacks is a globe-trotting tour on which Mame takes her young ward upon his graduation from preparatory school. The two leave on the *Normandie* and return on the U. S. cruiser *Hoboken*. Between voyages, Mame dutifully assumes a new personality with each destination. There is her Paris phase (onstage with the Folies Bergères), her London phase (fun with a Coldstream Guard), her Viennese phase (intrigue in Schloss Stinkenbach), her Lebanese phases, a Venetian phase, and a few interim phases. Altogether Mame presents at least six more phases than Eve.

Readers of Mr. Dennis's earlier edition, which must include nearly everyone, will know that Mame's drill involves the perpetual plucking of roses from nettles and in this respect "Around the World With Auntie Mame" is true to form. But lacking in the sequel is the yeasty good humor which made the farce in "Auntie Mame" so delightfully palatable. Mr. Dennis has elephantine fun at the expense of old age, false teeth, and poverty, and is too often peevish rather than effervescent. Like the little boy in the Fisk advertisement, it may be high time for Mame to retire.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books for Young People

—From "The Minnow Leads to Treasure."

THE importance of good children's books is recognized in the various awards and medals that are presented in this area. The Newbery and Caldecott medal winners were announced in the spring; other awards of the year are listed below.

Reviewers for this issue: Mary Peacock Douglas, supervisor, school libraries, Raleigh, North Carolina; Marjorie Halderman, supervisor, Public School Libraries and Librarian High School, Astoria, Oregon; Rosemary Livsey, director, Work with Children, Public Library, Los Angeles, California; Aileen O'Brien Murphy, children's literature specialist, The New York Public Library; and Norma Rathbun, chief, Work with Children, Public Library, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

—FRANCES LANDER SPAIN,
Coordinator, Children's Services,
The New York Public Library.

THE MINNOW LEADS TO TREASURE. *By A. Philippa Pearce. Illustrated by Edward Ardizzone. World.* $3. This is the first American edition of a British book published in 1955 under the title "Minnow on the Say." Two boys, drawn together by their pleasure in canoeing, undertake to locate a lost family fortune. As in a modern treasure hunt, their clue is a mysterious verse which they decode and then attempt to follow. Incidents, people, situations, excitement, and disappointments are blended into a very good mystery story with an entirely satisfactory ending. Much of the action takes place on the river Say and along its banks.

Edward Ardizzone's illustrations of the English countryside make a perfect setting for this delightful book.

—F. L. S.

SECOND NATURE. *By Mary Stolz. Harper.* $2.95. No one could call the heroine of "Second Nature" lovelorn. She is poised, well-balanced, and always completely in charge of herself, even when she is in love. Yet this is the story, told by herself in diary form, of how she fell in love with a boy who did not return her love. The book is well written and the characterization, particularly that of the maiden aunt, is excellent. Anne and her family and friends are in comfortable circumstances, and the book is less introspective than the author's "Because of Madeline" and closer in mood to her "To Tell Your Love."

—AILEEN O'BRIEN MURPHY.

THE SILVER HILLS. *By Rutherford G. Montgomery. Illustrated by Robert Frankenberg. World.* $3. Coming to Virginia City in the 1860s and living for the first time in a mining town boarding house, Darcy Hardy found it surprisingly different, but certainly not dull. With youthful directness, if not always the best judgment, she attempted to discover who was involved in the failure of her father's mine. The author's picture of an exciting, violent frontier town, with its rough, sturdy inhabitants is fresh and believable. It is especially interesting that he should tell the story of Virginia City, with its strikingly male life, through the eyes of a young, gently bred girl. Good fare for teen-agers.

—ROSEMARY E. LIVSEY.

THE SILVER BRANCH. *By Rosemary Sutcliff. Illustrated by Charles Keeping. Henry Z. Walck.* $3.25. Roman Britain one hundred years before the fall of Rome and the withdrawal of the legions is the setting for this tale of intrigue, heroism, and loyalty in which two young officers, a surgeon and a centurian, outwit a traitor. Like other books by Rosemary Sutcliff, this is top-drawer historical fiction, written out of a knowledge of the period.

—A. O'B. M.

DROOPSI. *Written and illustrated by Virginia Kahl. Scribner.* $2.50. In her gay, whimsical, inimitable style in words and pictures, the author tells the story of a concertina contest between the good people of Pfeffernussenhofen and those of the next mountain village.

How the cat came home with her tail in a bandage and the prize pig is another story to delight the picture-book age.

—NORMA RATHBUN.

THE ACORN TREE. *Story and pictures by Valenti Angelo. Viking.* $2.50. Bluejay emerges from the pages of this beautiful book with dramatic and startling accuracy. Greedy and aggressive, he claimed as his own the huge oak tree

---

THE HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN AWARD was presented by the International Board on Books for Young People to *"Rasmus Pa Luffen"* by Astrid Lindgren, illustrated by Eric Palmquist (Stockholm. Raben & Sjϕgren).

THE NEW YORK HERALD-TRIBUNE SPRING CHILDREN'S BOOK AWARDS went to "Crictor," by Tomi Ungerer (Harper) for picture books; to "Chucaro," by Francis Kalnay. illustrated by Julian de Miskey (Harcourt, Brace) for the eight to twelve year olds; and to "Sons of the Steppe," by Hans Baumann, illustrated by Heiner Rothfuchs and translated by Isabel and Florence McHugh (Oxford) for the older boys and girls.

THE BOYS CLUB OF AMERICA JUNIOR BOOK AWARDS were presented to "The Earth Satellite," by John Lewellen, illustrated by Ida Scheib (Knopf); "Prehistoric Man and the Primates," by William E. Scheele (World); "Hokahey!," by Edith Dorian and W. N. Wilson (Whittlesey House); "The Wonderful World of the Sea," by James Fisher (Garden City); "Faint George," written and illustrated by Robert E. Barry (Houghton Mifflin) and "The Valiant Sailor," by C. Fox Smith, illustrated by Neville Dear (Criterion).

THE CHILD STUDY ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA gave its medal to "Shadow Across the Campus," by Helen R. Sattley (Dodd).

THE THOMAS ALVA EDISON AWARDS went to "Colonial Living," written and illustrated by Edwin Tunis (World); "Armed with Courage," by May McNeer, illustrated by Lynd Ward (Abingdon); "The Wonderful World of Energy," by Lancelot Hogben (Garden City); and "Building Blocks of the Universe," by Isaac Asimov (Abelard-Schuman).

THE AURIANNE AWARD was presented to "Dipper of Copper Creek," by Jean and John George, illustrated by Jean George (Dutton).

THE JANE ADDAMS CHILDREN'S BOOK AWARD was won by Margot Benary-Isbert for her "Blue Mystery" which was illustrated by Enrico Arno and translated by Richard and Clara Winston (Harcourt).

THE WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE CHILDREN'S BOOK AWARD was given to "White Falcon" by Elliott Arnold, illustrated by Frederick T. Chapman (Knopf).

THE CANADIAN CHILDREN'S BOOK AWARD has been presented to Edith Lambert Sharp for "Nkwala," illustrated by William Winter (Little).

THE CARNEGIE MEDAL was won by William Mayne for "The Grass Rope" (Oxford).

THE KATE GREENAWAY MEDAL for outstanding illustrations was awarded to V. H. Drummond for her "Mrs. Esther and the Storks" (Faber).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

laden with acorns. Where to store his treasure is his problem. Finding a handy hole near the top of the huge trunk he worked to fill it—an endless task until he discovered that it led to a great split at the base of the tree, where smaller birds and ground animals were hard at work assembling their own winter stores. With no sense of generosity, he realized that he had been gathering a feast for his neighbors.

A simple, pointed tale, appropriately and superbly illustrated with sharp, aggressive, action-filled pictures.

—R. E. L.

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TREES. *By Karla Kusken. Harper.* $2.50. A collection of imaginative, fresh verses about the charms of a child's world, which children from three to five will find fun to listen to and adults will find fun to share.

Amusing pictures, skilfully planned for each page, make this a satisfying book both as to text and design.

—N. R.

THE ARMY FROM CIVILIAN TO SOLDIER. *Written and illustrated by Charles Michael Daugherty.* **THE COAST GUARD FROM CIVILIAN TO GUARDSMAN.** *By Glenn Paxton. Illustrated by Frederick Worles.* **THE MARINE CORPS FROM CIVILIAN TO LEATHERNECK.** *By Cleon E. Hammond. Illustrated by William Hawley. Viking.* $2 *each.* Three authors, with experience in the service about which they write, present readable and comprehensive accounts which will answer most of the questions the young man fulfilling his military responsibility will want to know.

Although the one on the Army is livelier in style, both in writing and illustration, than the others, they seem equal in the type of material presented: the history, purpose, and spirit of each service, life and training at camps or stations, career opportunities in special schools, speed and possibility of promotion. Reading them will insure a much more informed and perhaps more enthusiastic recruit, was the comment made by a recruiting officer to whom we showed the books.

These are the first three of five books on the armed services to be published in this series. —N. R.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. John Keats. 2. Merrill Moore. 3. Tobias Smollett. 4. Oliver Wendell Holmes. 5. John Arbuthnot. 6. W. Somerset Maugham. 7. Sir Thomas Browne. 8. Thomas Henry Huxley. 9. Anton Chekhov. 10. George Crabbe.

Hemingway *vs.* *Esquire*

Continued from page 11

of the Spanish monarch to the throne in Madrid.

There are plenty of instances where the authors tried to please everybody. Forester wrote two endings for "The African Queen," one happy and one unhappy. You can take your pick, depending on which edition you happen to have. After "The Light That Failed" first came out, with an unhappy ending, there was such a howl that when he had the opportunity a few years later Kipling rewrote the finale, pleasing the public and ruining the story.

Sometimes I think there is a certain amount of hypocrisy in a man of letters altering the letters on second thought. It applies in the case of Mark Twain and "The Innocents Abroad."

These reports from the Holy Land and Europe were first printed in letters sent back by him to New York and San Francisco. When it came time to collect them into the book, the author lost his nerve. It is true that all the alterations he made improved the taste but they destroyed the spontaneity and immediacy. The persistent word "got" was stamped out; "reckon" became "think"; "he don't" became "he does not." The phrase, "makes his breath smell like the sigh of a buzzard," is reduced to "makes his breath bad"; and while the innocent first wrote back that he could "spit across" the Bridge of Sighs canal, in the book it is "jump across." "Saloon" becomes "salon"; "a born ass" turns out to be "a good natured, enterprising idiot."

But, you see, one cannot really trust the double-thinking of writers who grow so self-conscious about themselves as they grow older. I am told that in his later years Tolstoy was all ready to repudiate everything he had ever written. Someone talked him out of it, the rumor goes. Take a crotchety fellow like Anthony à Wood, the Oxford antiquary, to whom we owe an honest and valuable picture of life at that great university during the latter half of the seventeenth century; he was a character in many ways. Although his autobiographical notes and journals are his monument, he spent a good deal of time during his later years making sure that no one would find out that his real name was plain Anthony Wood. It was an arbitrary whim of his to add the "à." He preferred that his name should go down in history with the distinguishing letter attached and with this purpose in view the eccentric man destroyed his original bookplate, and went through all his papers, crossing out, blotting out, and pasting over. To this day no one has ever found his name written any other way than the way he wanted it. Who knows how much the world has lost from such foolish attempts to hide something which didn't fit subsequent standards?

The complaint applies to other fields of endeavor as well. What if we had let Richard Strauss get away with this kind of thing? When he was a young man he wrote a composition for piano and orchestra called "Burlesk." Not long after he decided that it was below standard and that he had outgrown this sort of creation. Therefore, he refused to allow it to be published. Now, in retrospect, the world agrees that it is a brilliant piece of work for a twenty-year-old, that it fits in perfectly with the pattern of Strauss's life-work, and that it is such an intrinsic part of the man's art that his career would have suffered without it; for he never wrote anything like it again.

Artists develop in more ways than one. None has the right to take this knowledge away from us. One must adopt a historical view of literature as well as anything else. Should the adults, who now can see themselves as peculiar youngsters in old Our Gang comedies, have the films cut to pieces? They should not deprive us of the chance to study their style and philosophy any more than should Cather, Mann, Hemingway, or anybody else. The only exceptions I can think of now are those made by the Russians and the Chinese. They have a perfect right to burn the old classics, and they are quite correct in editing and rewriting the biographies and histories, because they are actually changing the past, and that's the only way to do it.

But we are not; we are using the past (not too well) to affect the present and the future. We need it. Hemingway, when he "removes the cliches" from the stories he wouldn't let *Esquire* reprint, which is what he has promised to do, is removing the 1938 Hemingway from the stories. That's decidedly unconstitutional; it's *ex post facto;* it's nonsense.

As the matter now stands, then, the author got back the copyrights on his three stories and *Esquire* got publicity for the book, whether it was intentional or otherwise. And last but not least, Mr. Hemingway still has the 500 shares of Esquire, Inc., stock which was given him 'way back in the old days when they were all friends—after a fashion.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Easiest Way . . .

Continued from page 12

some discovered, and many more btly carried out that have never urned up. There have been suicides, sometimes cleverly concealed as accidents for the sake of insurance, but I believe that by far the greatest number of heavily insured men simply die because it is expected of them. Expecting it of themselves, the fight to live atrophies and death occurs from causes insignificant.

If I am uninsured my family is vitally interested in my living. I must turn out the work. The pressures are on me to survive. I can't afford to die. I ignore the pains and sorrows. The prayers of the living are for the living. This is the way it should be. In my case this is the way it is going to be.

When a man is murdered, one of the first police questions is: is he insured and for how much and who is the beneficiary. It might be valid in a doctor, faced with a patient from whom the life principle seems to be withdrawn, to ask the same questions.

I realize, of course, that my own case is a little unusual. The best insurance I can leave is a long list of copyrights. Therefore it is to the dvantage of my heirs and dependents o keep me alive and well and working. This is a happy state of affairs. Indeed I seem to feel about me a genuine interest in my survival and that is a happy state of affairs for all of us.

And now I guess I'd better run for my life.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 791

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 791 will be found in the next issue.

BIF KYYH ABI XBQIM

B XQAMNVT, CNM QM

MBRTO B UQOT GBI MY

CT BCHT MY OTHH QM.

—OBGNTH CNMHTV.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 790

Nothing is so fallacious as facts, except figures.

—GEORGE CANNING.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates per insertion 45¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 37¢ per word; 26 times 39¢ per word; 13 times 41¢ per word; 6 times 43¢ per word. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE. Professional typing. 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, marketing. 19 West 44 St., NYC 36.

SUPERIOR TYPING—Books, Plays, etc. LEAHEY'S, Seven Park Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, ALL FORMS. Theses, Books, Plays, MSS. Delivery all publishers. Editing, Ghostwriting speeches all subjects. WRITERS' SERVICE, 10 East 43 St., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-5159.

NATIONALLY RECOGNIZED writers organization accepting new members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS CLUB, 1817 Gilpin, Denver 18, Colorado.

OUR book and booklet production-distribution program features author-ownership. 70% royalties. FREE FOLDER. William-Frederick Press, 391 East 149 St., NYC 55.

FREE! WRITER'S MARKET LIST! If you're interested in writing fiction or articles for leading magazines, or book publishers, Daniel S. Mead, prominent literary agent has prepared a catalogue of markets which is a "must" item. For free copy write: Daniel S. Mead, 915 Broadway, Dept. SR, NYC 10.

STORIES, ARTICLES, NOVELS, BOOKS PLACED! Highly recommended marketing and editorial aid for publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Free information. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42nd Street, NYC 36.

ELSIE AUGENBLICK—Manuscript Typing: Books, Plays. 342 Madison, N.Y.C. MUrray Hill 7-0492.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINES—Millions of back issues, thousand titles. Try us. "Back Number" Wilkins, Danvers, Mass.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE—scores of beautiful designs. Address Bookplates, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

BOOKS

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—ALL SUBJECTS. Catalogue free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, Box 1-S, Wantagh, N. Y.

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF SCHOLARLY BOOKS—literature, etc. Catalogue issued. PYETELL'S BOOKSHOP, 333 Fifth Ave., Pelham, N. Y.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

ITALIAN PERIODICALS. Italian Publishers, Times Tower, New York 36.

FRENCH PERIODICALS. European Publishers, 1007 Times Tower, New York 36.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue. New York's French Bookshop where French books are sold exclusively. Mail-order catalogue 40¢.

OUT-OF-PRINT

TRAINED BOOK DETECTIVES—Active searchers. Success is a habit with us. We can find quickly and economically almost any book you need. No search charge. Send to BOOKLAND, U.S.A., P.O. Box 746, Dept. C, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll get it! CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago Heights, Illinois.

CAN'T GET IT? We'll find it, and fast. Beacon Hill Booksellers, 15 Lindall Place, Boston, Mass.

BOOKFINDERS. Lowest cost. Free search. Any subject. COUNTRY SQUIRE BOOKS, Stevenson, Connecticut.

JOHN FRIEND, BOOKFINDER can get the books you want. Free Search Service. Box 2570R, Long Beach 1, California.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT! Prices surprisingly low. Fast service. Try us—no obligation. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

RECORD MART

RECORDERS (ENGLISH FLUTES) KUENG Swiss import, also Dolmetsch, Purcell and Barenreiter. Baroque (English fingering), $3.95, $5, $6.50 up. Recorder music and methods, contrabass recorders, spinets, harpsichords. Free catalogue 3-88D. HARGAIL, 147 West 57 St., NYC.

RARE RECORDS sold, lowly priced. Free list. Collections bought. E. HIRSCHMANN, P.O. Box 155, Verona, New Jersey.

FOR SALE. RCA limited edition album—Homage to Mozart—Beautiful condition. $350. Carl Volkers, Box 221, Hinsdale, Illinois.

ART

FRIENDLY little Art School in quaint TAXCO. Individual instruction. Inexpensive living and tuition. Bilingual teachers. TAXCO SCHOOL OF ART, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico.

PINING FOR PICASSO? For connoisseurs: "Original Prints and Drawings of Modern Masters," Catalogue. 110 illustrations—$1. DEITSCH, 51 East 73 St., NYC 21.

CLAVE ORIGINAL color lithographs; signed and limited editions. FAR Gallery, 746 Madison, NYC 21, (64-65 St.)

PERSONALS

FINE GUITARS. The world famous West German HOFNER classic and folk guitars: Full concert classic in rosewood and spruce; $175, down to Folk guitar in maple and spruce; $45. Shipped anywhere in the U.S. on 5 day approval. Also any other fine guitars old or new. Write for particulars. LOCKERS FINE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, 21 S. 18th Street, Philadelphia 3, Pa.

URGENTLY desire to contact skillful writer to present medical subject in popular manner, comprehensible to laymen. Reply Box F-544.

WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS—economical, insured. Any day, any time. P.S.C. license #709. The Padded Wagon, ALgonquin 5-8343, NYC.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, statesmen, scientists, military leaders, musicians, etc. Correspondence or single items bought and sold. Established 1887. Catalogue on request. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 18 East 77 St., NYC 21. REgent 4-3902.

NEW FROM ENGLAND! Bookbinding kits for paperbacks. Make hard-cover volumes in minutes. Six bindings, $1.96. BIND-YOUR-OWN, Box E-877.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS DRAMA, GAY NINETIES, Spanish Toros, French Riviera, etc. Lists for stamp. Central Show Printing Co., Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

27 YEAR OLD MAN with 2 years college seeks challenging training. Adaptable personality, multi-interests, will relocate. Write Box F-568.

(Continued on page 38)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 37)

EXECUTIVE AND WIFE want studio-type cottage, guest house for weekends throughout year. Two hours from N.Y. Consider rental, purchase. Upkeep minimum. Box F-549.

BUSINESS MANAGER for scientists, former journalist, naval officer, sales representative. Dartmouth graduate, music lover, 29. Will go anywhere, will do anything. Box F-550.

REGISTERED NURSE, 23, desires position with traveling opportunities, preferably in Europe. Box F-551.

LEARN WHILE FALLING ASLEEP! Exciting details free. Sleep-Learning Research Association, Box 24-J, Olympia, Washington.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. Very reasonable. Magnamusic, Sharon, Connecticut.

RETIRED EDUCATOR accepts one or two paying guests weekends. Artistic home, park-like setting. Forty minutes N.Y. Box F-240.

WANTED, for Connecticut bookstore, ambitious, attractive, intelligent salesperson. Box F-531.

PURSE ORGANIZERS—Time and Temper Savers—$1.00. Sears Roebuck stores.

LADY, knowing English, French, Swedish, German, Italian, used to secretarial work and typewriting, wants position. Has great experience of household, nursing and Swedish massage. Reply to Box F-556.

SANE BUT SAD ADMAN, versatile veteran, seeks greener field. Yours? Box F-554.

SALESMAN—alert, aggressive, topnotch man, for active New York publisher. Metropolitan New York and some traveling. Salary open. Box F-553.

FREE LANCE TRANSLATION: Russian, French, Italian; editing, research if needed. Prompt experienced, conscientious. M.A. LI.B. Write Box F-561.

MEDICAL STUDENT, desires single room or studio apartment, E-12th—E-60th. Box F-559.

SHORT STORIES, poems, articles wanted. Inquire Box F-558.

HAND PAINTED DECANTERS $4.75. Other glassware from $1.00. Early American Motifs. GARLOCK. Box 264, Kensington, Maryland.

YOUNG FEMALE RESEARCHER, part-time graduate student, assuming Miami Medical School post September 1st, seeks efficiency apartment Gables or Grove area in exchange for very nominal rent and weekend services tending children or convalescent, tutoring, or other utilizing scholastic talents. Box F-565.

YOU ARE INVITED to receive completely free, a verbatim Lecture and Treatment in Truth by our leader, Mildred Mann, a dedicated Truth teacher who has changed the lives of thousands during the past 15 years. Send name and address to: The Students of Society of Pragmatic Mysticism, 101 West 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y.

Americana bought and sold. HODGEPODGE HOUSE, ¼ mile east of Taconic Parkway on Miller Hill Road in Dutchess County.

UNSCOURED KNITTING YARN; Tussah silk; Avoca tweeds. Carol Brown, Putney 27, Vt.

RUN A SPARE-TIME Greeting Card and Gift Shop at home. Show friends samples of our new 1958 Christmas and All Occasion Greeting Cards and Gifts. Take their orders and earn to 100% profit. No experience necessary. Costs nothing to try. Write today for samples on approval. Regal Greetings, Dept. 94, Ferndale, Michigan.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc. Lamps mounted. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33 St., NYC 16. MUrray Hill 5-4280.

CHARMING GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive singles and doubles. Newly decorated. PARKSIDE HOTEL, 18 Gramercy Park South, NYC. Transients from $3.50. Moderate weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

TWO MALE TEACHERS desire third party share Jersey lodge. $40 month. Box F-548.

YOUNG MAN 23, college graduate. Personable, capable good knowledge French, also typing. Desires opportunity to travel abroad. Available immediately. Box F-570.

PERSONALS

INFORMATION NEEDED on home of revolutionary General EDWARD HAND, "Rock Ford," Lancaster, Pa., 1785-1802, location of furnishings. Hand's life there. Junior League restoring house. Box F-206.

SEEKING PEACE OF MIND? Free homestudy course in the Catholic Religion. PAULIST FATHERS INSTRUCTION CENTER, Dept. S, 415 West 59 St., NYC 19.

Learn "BY EAR" with Dormiphone. Amazing new scientific invention works for you by "repetitive-impact" while you relax. Revolutionary Dormiphonic tools give you a shortcut to learning languages, correct speech; relaxation, habit training; superior entertainment. Unique clock-controlled recorder-play back uses tangle-proof cartridges. Saves time, effort. So simple, children benefit. Used by educators, psychologists, people everywhere. Write today for fascinating FREE Book. No obligation. Modernophone, Inc., 322-088 Radio City, New York 20.

YOU CAN FIND OUT! Confidential information developed any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Officially licensed. Established 1922. Equitable Service Bureau, 15 Maiden Lane, NYC.

FAMILY ARMS—English, Scotch, Irish, European. Write M'Wethy, St. Johnsville, N. Y.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! $10.95, includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Ask for free brochure, "How to Sell Your Autographs." Charles R. Hamilton Autographs, Inc., 515 Madison Ave., NYC 22, ELdorado 5-3464.

SINE QUA NON of masculine shoe elegance—LEATHER LACINGS imported from Britain, black or brown, 3 pairs $1. Readers Service Bureau, Box 378 Astor Station, Boston, Massachusetts.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

CALIFORNIANS—Share ownership of cabin in Yosemite above valley floor for $1,000. No conflict in use schedule. Jeep attached. Divine spot. $400 this year, balance later. Box F-224.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

NO PRESENT LIKE THE PAST! Updated oldtimer, reasonable. Timberlands, water, hills, view. Fosdick, Claremont, New Hampshire.

KITTERY POINT, MAINE. Medium size home, ocean front, background. Large deciduous trees. Secluded section. 1½ hour drive from Boston. Box F-560.

SECLUSION 50 miles NYC. Beautiful Fieldstone year *round 2 bedroom chalet, 2 wooded acres off Taconic* Parkway, Southern Dutchess, High beam living room, huge Anglo Saxon fireplace, winding staircase to master bedroom. Large kitchen, terrace. ALSO guest cottage. Sacrifice $18,500 including furniture, new appliances. Call weekdays (NYC) WOrth 2-3846.

FOUR SECLUDED ACRES and mountain view, plus charming furnished summer home, guest building, garages. All modern conveniences. Fireplace, $7,500. NEWTON AND WILLIAMS, Rowe, Massachusetts.

For Rent

COSTA BRAVA, SPAIN: Fully furnished new house on beach in attractive town. Heat, bathrooms, patio, terrace, sun. September-June to responsible tenants. Box F-557.

TRAVEL

EUROPE 1959. ECONOMY TOURS By ship: "Grand"—77 days, 18 countries, $1,245. "Standard"—55 days, 13 countries, $1,025. By air: "Grand"—63 days, 19 countries, $1,335. "Standard"—43 days, 13 countries, $1,095. Italy. Britain, Scandinavia in all itineraries. Frequent departures June, July. Prices include trans-Atlantic passage, luxury motorcoach transportation, hotels, meals, sightseeing, entertainment. Expertly conducted. DITTMANN TRAVEL ORGANIZATION, NORTHFIELD, MINNESOTA.

VACATIONS

ROMANTIC, ADVENTUROUS, DIFFERENT. Relax and sail in the cool trade winds. $300 weekly per couple. Airmail YACHT ALOHA, Hopetown, Bahamas.

BLUEBERRY HILL! AUTUMN! Lucullan food. Nothi whatever to do. The Mastertons. Brandon, Verm

NEED PLACE TO WRITE? Read? Paint? Refurbish soul? Danish plantation guest house, private cottages, gentle surf, gourmet meals! For off-season rates, write LA GRANGE HOUSE, St. Croix, Virgin Isles, U.S.A.

NOT TOO LATE FOR LABOR DAY weekend reservations. Ideal lakeside resort, rustic Lodge and cabins, usual sports, fine food, good music, moderate rates. Perfect swimming, canoeing, rowing, tennis, barbecues, or just loafing. Low fall rates. CHANTERWOOD, LEE, MASS. Folder S.

BALM FOR THE SPIRIT. Enchanting retreat not far from madding crowd. Good food. Good talk. You'll never want to leave HARBOR HILL, Cold Springs, N.Y. Brochure.

BERMUDA COTTAGES, 2 or 3-bedroom private housekeeping cottages in choice locations for families; intimate studios for couples. Beautifully furnished, all have living room, bath, kitchen, fireplace, telephone and radio. Private maid does your housekeeping. Beach and club privileges. Reasonable daily rates. Write: Bermuda Cottages, Paget, Bermuda.

SEEKING ATMOSPHERE? Cherry Grove Plantation. Write, read, loaf. Route 1, Box 421, Natchez, Mississippi.

WINDY HILL, R.D. 1, WALDEN, N. Y. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Newburgh 1232.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills, Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lakes nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, Old Lyme, Conn. Op all year.

STONEGATE LODGE on Long Lake, N.Y. Charming resort estate. Concert trio. Sally Ray folk, square, social dance leader. Crafts. All sports. Summer stock. CIrcle 6-6386 (NYC). Reduced rates after August 15.

PRIMITIVE MOUNTAIN CAMP, literary, basic conveniences, plain food, one person. Box F-229.

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE, Green Mountains, Manchester, Vermont. Charming Alpine chalet. Food for the discriminating. Rest for the weary. Inspiration for writers, artists. Folder.

LAKE LOUANNE, ideal vacation spot. 200 acres woodland rustic trails. Private lake, boating, swimming, fishing. Large rooms, each with private bath. Small group, informal, friendly. Louis Cudroff, Westbrook, Conn. Phone: MOntrose 9-2465.

SEPTEMBER IN THE ADIRONDACKS. The Log House, Thirteenth Lake, North River, New York, 2100 feet elevation. 600 acres midst Forest Preserve. "We didn't think there was a place left like this!" Cottages. Meals varied and best. The Tibbits.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial home. Good food. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

SUMMER VACATIONS on farms and hotels welcoming children. Call LOrrain 8-0700 (NYC).

CLAREMONT HOTEL. Southwest Harbor, Maine. Situated on Mount Desert Island, the island of Acadia National Park. June twentieth to September fifteenth.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. A ideal vacation spot in a setting of rare natur beauty. Elevation 2000 feet, midst the beautif Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, congenial companions. Private swimming, sports. Excellent food and accommodations. Folder.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

TENNIS—CAPE COD. 5 Clay courts. Quiet area. Write: Hawthorne Bissell, Provincetown, Mass.

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE CUNEO PRESS, INC.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1274

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

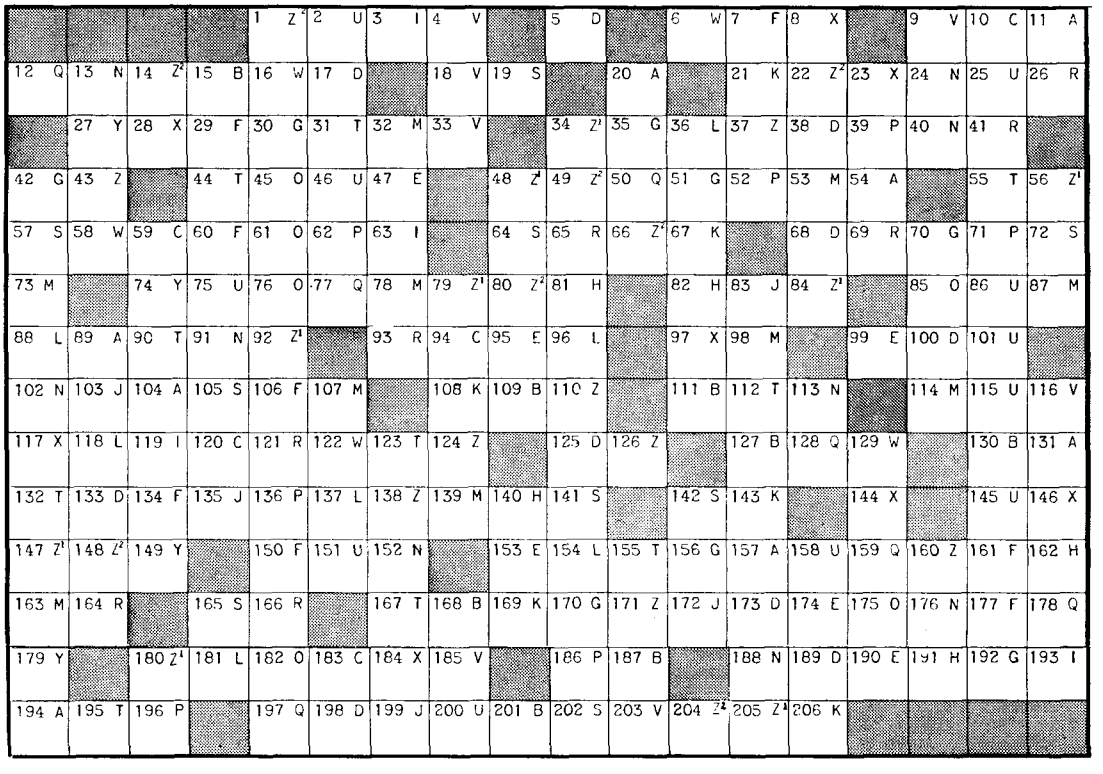
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Divination by movements of mice.	157 54 104 11 20 131 194 89
B. Farthest projection of the forehead.	15 168 111 127 187 130 201 109
C. Sweet girl of the Nineties whose surname was O'Grady.	59 120 183 94 10
D. A thing, esp. meat, offered to an idol.	5 38 189 68 125 133 198 17 100 173
E. Capital of SE Georgia, U.S.S.R. whose name means "Warm Springs."	174 153 95 190 99 47
F. Case of the noun useful in Latin, Sanskrit, etc.	29 177 106 150 161 134 60 7
G. Something intricate or involved.	42 51 70 170 30 156 192 35
H. Italian prime minister who resided abroad when the Fascists took over.	140 191 81 82 162
I. Mountain mass in central Switzerland bet. Lakes Lucerne and Zug.	3 119 63 193
J. Number of the Valkyries who rally round Brunnhilde (*Die Walküre*).	103 199 172 83 135
K. Showy; dazzling for a moment.	169 21 108 143 67 206
Literature.	154 96 137 118 181 89 36
M. Shameless audacity.	107 98 114 78 139 163 32 87 53 73

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Waste silk floss from the cocoon after the thread has been taken off.	13 91 188 102 176 152 24 40 113
O. Small ratable taxes.	175 61 76 45 85 182
P. Unprofitable.	186 62 136 52 39 196 71
Q. Affluent.	12 197 50 178 77 159 128
R. Minute workmanship on unimportant detail.	121 69 26 164 93 65 166 41
S. The mountains in the S and E of Switzerland (2 wds.).	202 64 142 141 57 165 72 105 19
T. Uncouth or bizarre.	55 167 44 155 195 123 90 31 132 112
U. A soft, fine, untwilled woolen fabric (2 wds.).	25 115 151 101 86 2 158 200 46 75 145
V. Anything that soothes, allays pain.	18 185 203 9 33 116 4
W. Pharmacist's direction to mix.	6 122 129 16 58
X. One who summons spirits.	28 23 184 117 144 8 97 146
Y. Specifying an earned—not honorary—degree.	27 74 149 179
Z. Undignified (2 wds.)	37 43 126 171 160 110 138 124
Z¹. The kindhearted London merchants in "Nicholas Nickleby".	48 205 84 79 34 92 56 180 147
Z². Anyone who is "full of wise saws".	148 204 1 49 14 22 80 66

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. It read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic nature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A program of supreme importance to anybody who ever buys classical records

BEGINNING MEMBERS WILL RECEIVE

. . . IF THEY AGREE TO BUY SIX ADDITIONAL RECORDS FROM THE SOCIETY IN THE NEXT YEAR

The Nine Symphonies of Beethoven

CONDUCTED BY

Arturo Toscanini

WITH THE NBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEVEN 12-INCH 33⅓ R.P.M. RECORDS FOR

$3.98

[Nationally advertised price: $34.98]

OR

"The Mighty Forty-Eight"

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH'S

The Well-Tempered Clavier

PLAYED ON THE HARPSICHORD BY

Wanda Landowska

SIX 12-INCH 33⅓ R.P.M. RECORDS FOR

$3.98

[Nationally advertised price: $29.98]

YOU CAN BEGIN MEMBERSHIP WITH A BRILLIANT RECORDING BY

Van Cliburn

OF TCHAIKOVSKY'S FIRST PIANO CONCERTO

. . . a recent selection of the Society

The RCA Victor Society of Great Music

The common-sense purpose of this new Society —which is directed by the Book-of-the-Month Club—is to help music lovers build an excellent record library *systematically* instead of haphazardly . . . and at an immense saving

MOST MUSIC-LOVERS, in the back of their minds, certainly intend to build up for themselves a representative record library of the World's Great Music. Under this plan, *since this can be done systematically*, operating costs can be greatly reduced thus permitting extraordinary economies for the record collector. The remarkable Introductory Offer at the left is a dramatic demonstration. It can represent up to more than 40% saving during the first year.

✶ Thereafter, continuing members can build their record library at almost a **ONE-THIRD SAVING.** For every two records purchased (from a group of at least fifty made available annually by the Society) *members will receive a third* RCA VICTOR *Red Seal Record free.*

✶ A cardinal feature of the plan is **GUIDANCE.** The Society has a Selection Panel whose sole function is to recommend "must-have" works for members. Members of the panel are:

DEEMS TAYLOR, composer and commentator, Chairman
SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF, General Music Director, NBC
JACQUES BARZUN, author and music critic
JOHN M. CONLY, editor of *High Fidelity*
AARON COPLAND, composer
ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN, music critic of *San Francisco Chronicle*
DOUGLAS MOORE, composer and Professor of Music, Columbia University
WILLIAM SCHUMAN, composer and president of Juilliard School of Music
CARLETON SPRAGUE SMITH, chief of Music Division, N. Y. Public Library
G. WALLACE WOODWORTH, Professor of Music, Harvard University

HOW THE SOCIETY OPERATES

EACH month, three or more 12-inch 33⅓ R.P.M. RCA VICTOR Red Seal Records are announced to members. One is singled out as the *record-of-the-month*, and unless the Society is otherwise instructed (on a form always provided), this record is sent to the member. If he does not want the work he may specify an alternate, or instruct the Society to send him nothing. For every record purchased, members pay only $4.98, the nationally advertised price. (For every shipment a small charge for postage and handling is added.)

RCA VICTOR Society of Great Music, V-25-8
c/o Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please register me as a member of *The RCA Victor Society of Great Music* and send me immediately the RCA VICTOR album checked below, billing me $3.98 plus a small charge for postage and handling. I agree to buy six additional records within twelve months from those made available by the Society, for each of which I will be billed $4.98, the price nationally advertised (plus a small charge for postage and handling). Thereafter, I need buy only four such records in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. I may cancel my membership any time after buying six records from the Society. After my sixth purchase, if I continue, for every two records I buy from the Society I will receive a third RCA VICTOR Red Seal Record, free.

☐ **THE WELL-TEMPERED CLAVIER (6 records)** ☐ **THE NINE BEETHOVEN SYMPHONIES (7 records)**

☐ Check here if you wish to begin with **TCHAIKOVSKY'S FIRST PIANO CONCERTO** played by **VAN CLIBURN.** (This counts toward fulfillment of the six-selection agreement.)

MR. }
MRS. } .....
MISS } (Please print plainly)

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

NOTE: If you wish to enroll through an authorized RCA VICTOR dealer, please fill in his name and address here:

DEALER'S NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....**STATE**.....

PLEASE NOTE: *Records can be shipped only to residents of the U. S. and its territories, and Canada. Records for Canadian members are made in Canada and shipped duty free from Ontario.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED